Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, A. H. SANBORN, } Editors.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Drowned at the Beach.

There was a drowning accident at the Beach on Thursday afternoon, the first reported this season. Chester H Wood, a chauffeur employed by Joshua Stacy, lost his life in the breakers and several hours elapsed before the body was recovered. A companion, Thomas Goddard, was pulled out by the life guard, after he had had a narrow escape.

Wood and Goddard were bathing in front of the east pavilion, being well inside the raft. The surf was not abnormally strong, although occasionally there were heavy breakers. One of these broke directly upon the two young men and they seemed to be partially stunned. Wood threw his arms about Goddard, while the latter struggled to regain his footing.

The attention of the life guards was attracted and aid was hurried to the struggling men from the boat and from the shore. Goddard grasped a life buoy that was thrown to him, and was dragged into the boat, but Wood lost his grip and fell back. Although the guards and bathers made vigorous attempts to find him, some two hours elapsed before the body was finally found, close in to the shore. It was carried to the pavilion where heroic efforts were made to restore life, but in vain. Medical Examiner Sherman was called and pronounced death due to accidental drowning.

In the meantime a hurry call had been sent to the Police Station for the pulmotor kept there for use in emergencies. It was rushed to the Beach in the automobile of Mr. Harry A. Titus, but was not used as life had been extinct for some time.

The victim of the accident was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson T. Wood, and lived with his parents at 158 Spring street. He leaves, besides his parents, one brother, Mr. Harold L. Wood, and three sisters, Misses Grace, Elsie and Elizabeth Wood. He had been employed at Eddy's market, and at one time drove for Col. Reginald Norman. He was well known and popular in the city.

Although Wood was not a strong swimmer, he was accustomed to the water, and it seems strange that he was unable to sustain himself until aid could reach him. In all probability he must have been rendered unconscious by the wave that struck him, and so rendered completely helpless. The water was probably not over five feet deep at the spot where he was struck, although the waves would make it much deeper as they rolled in. For an active young man this would not seem to be a very serious situation, but if he was rendered unconscious by the force of the wave the tragedy can be accounted for.

The Beach management is very careful to maintain a competent life patrol who are constantly on the watch for trouble among the bathers. When seas are running heavy and there is an undertow warning notices are posted in conspicuous places. For this reason there have been few accidents at the beach in the last few years, and in fact the Beach is regarded as being as safe as any along the coast.

The Fort Adams launches will make their landings at Bowen's wharf in the future, a contract having been made with the owners of the wharf. An extension is now being built at the west end, and considerably more room will be afforded.

A small boy was taken to the Newport Hospital on Wednesday, suffering from a badly damaged ear. He had been picking at his ear with a nail, when another boy struck the nail and drove it through the ear drum.

Board of Aldermen.

The junk men were again very much in evidence at the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening. At the previous meeting they had protested against being required to take out and pay for licenses to keep junk shops, claiming that they wished to have only licenses as junk gatherers. The matter was laid on the table for a week. At this week's session the matter was again taken up. Inspector Tobin was present and stated that the shop licenses of most of the applicants for gatherers licenses had expired. Then the applicants were given a chance to talk. One of them at first acted as spokesman and interpreter, but it wasn't long before all were talking at once. They explained that times were bad, business was poor and that they could not afford to pay for the shop licenses. They wanted to gather junk in their wagons and sell it the same day, keeping what was left over in their barns. The aldermen could not see the matter in the same light and the applicants were informed that they would have to take out shop licenses if they wanted to do a junk business. The applications were laid on the table for another week, to allow them time to apply for shop licenses. One gatherers license was granted to a man whose shop license had not expired, with the understanding that if he did not take out a shop license this would be revoked. Incidentally Chief Kirwin of the fire department called attention to dangerous practices in the shops, lighted candles and lamps being used among inflamable material.

There was considerable business transacted, much of it being of a routine nature. Bids were opened for care of the city ambulance for a year, the contract being awarded to J. J. Dugan at $600 a year. The bid of Thomas Curtis was $700 per year. After the contract was awarded, Mr. Dugan called the board's attention to supplies and repairs required for the ambulance, and Alderman Leddy was made a committee on the matter.

The dog constable reported that he had no place to bury dead dogs, and it was announced that the board of health had given permission to use a corner of the emergency hospital grounds. This did not seem entirely satisfactory and the committee appointed some time previously was urged to continue its search for a suitable burial place.

The New Peoples' Library.

The new Peoples' Library, the gift of Mr. George Gordon King, was formally opened on Wednesday, and the regular distribution of books began on Thursday. The trustees, the librarian, and her assistants were present on Wednesday evening to show visitors about the building and explain the various arrangements.

The library is now located in the old King Homestead on Spring street, access being had through Aquidneck park, from Spring, Bowery streets or Jones court. The interior of the building has been re-arranged to fit it for library purposes to which its original lines were well adapted. The large stack room has two floors of library stacks, with accommodations for two more floors. The room is opened to the roof and when filled will provide for 100,000 books, there being at present shelves for 50,000.

The other rooms are the delivery room, reading room, children's room, and reference room. The office of the trustees and the private office of the librarian open out of the reference room. There will be every convenience for the reading public in the new building, either for use of the rooms or for withdrawing books for use at home.

In addition, there is on the second floor a commodious lecture room, at present equipped with 100 chairs, and having a platform and reading desk. Opening out of this is a class room, furnished with desks for reading and writing.

A delegation from Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., of Newport, headed by the Eminent Commander, J. Irving Shepley, went to Wakefield on Thursday to attend the funeral of the late Robert H. Gardner, of that village, who was a member of the Commandery. Sir Knight Gardner was present and participated in the centennial celebration of the Commandery a few weeks ago. His death was very sudden.

Tuesday was the twentieth anniversary of Newport's great hailstorm which destroyed thousands of lights of glass, and did much other damage. Some of the immense hailstones that fell on that occasion were kept in cold storage for several years, but finally shrivelled to nothing.

Commodore and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry with their two daughters have returned from Europe, and notwithstanding the alarming reports sent out as to the state of the Commodore's health, he seems in splendid condition.

Contracts for Police Station.

The board of aldermen met on Wednesday evening for the purpose of opening bids for the construction of the new police station. The bids were divided into four classes, for general construction, heating, plumbing and electrical work, and there were several bids for each contract. The board voted to award the contracts to the lowest bidders—Kerr Brothers, general construction, $34,737; Thomas B. Connolly, heating, $1197; Thomas B. Connolly, plumbing, $2575; Scannevin & Potter, electrical work, $937. Seven months is allowed by the contract for completion of the work, and it is expected that a start will be made at once.

The bids were as follows:

GENERAL CONSTRUCTION.

Kerr Brothers	$34,737
Darling & Slade	34,995
John J. Kelly	36,700
Thomas F. Keeher	37,975
M. A. McCormick	41,763
Robert A. Smith	39,778
Harry A. Whipple	37,360

HEATING.

T. B. Connolly	$1,197 00
James J. Lynch	1,216 00
P. F. Conroy & Co	1,323 00
R. B. Wilson, Jr	1,356 25
James J. Lynch	1,380 00
Herbert C. Lawton	1,400 00
Barker Bros. & Co	1,870 00

PLUMBING.

T. B. Connolly	$2,575 00
Robert Haire	2,750 00
P. J. Murphy Co	3,032 00
R. B. Wilson, Jr	3,192 77

ELECTRICAL WORK.

Scannevin & Potter	$ 937 00
P. F. Conroy	1,197 00
Edward P. Lake, including gas	1,225 00
Barker Bros. & Co	1,167 00

Librarian Richard Bliss Retired.

Announcement was made this week that the board of directors of the Redwood Library had voted to retire the Librarian, Mr. Richard Bliss, on half-pay for life. Inasmuch as Mr. Bliss had been the librarian for many years and had strong friends among the stockholders, considerable feeling was aroused by this action. It was stated that action would be taken at the stockholders meeting to reverse the action of the directors, but although a movement in this direction was made, no action was taken.

The annual meeting of the shareholders was held on Wednesday afternoon, with a large attendance. The routine business was transacted first, including various annual reports which were received without comment. The report of the meeting of the directors on Monday afternoon was followed with close attention. This told of the action taken in retiring Mr. Bliss, and after the reading was completed, a resolution was presented to disapprove the action of the board. Colonel Sheffield argued in favor of the action of the board, and was followed by Rev. Dr. Terry and others. Colonel Willard, Dr. Storer and others spoke for Mr. Bliss, and warmly commended the work that he had done in the library, but no action was taken on the resolution.

Many Bathers at Beach.

Last Sunday was the first real summer day that Newport has enjoyed this season. The sun shone clear and it was really hot so that crowds of people came to Newport to cool off. It was the best day of the season for the Beach, there being many bathers. A fair surf was running, and the water was very comfortable, although there was some seaweed. The various attractions were well patronized, and Ruth Law made a number of flights during the day and evening.

This week Ruth Law has been the main attraction, her flights drawing large crowds to the Beach. The evening flights have been especially pleasing, the spectators being amazed to see her lights moving through the air far over head. On Thursday evening, the management tried an innovation, having a special cabaret lunch in the dining room, and also serving a la carte in the palm garden. This is the enclosure regarding which there has been much debate in the board of aldermen, but the Beach have fixed it up so that it looks very attractive. The question of legality will be decided later, probably after the Beach is closed for the season.

Mrs. Damon Lyon, nee Louisa Francis, will give her ninth annual musical and dramatic recital at Masonic Hall, Newport, on Wednesday evening July 22nd at nine o'clock. She will be assisted by several eminent artists in their line and the program is a very interesting one. She should have a full house.

The committee on the Coggeshall school addition met Tuesday afternoon and opened bids for various miscellaneous furnishings. A number of bids were received, and as the quality was not the same in each instance considerable study was required to decide on what would be the most advantageous contract for the city.

Newport Social Index.

(From the Newport Herald.)

NEWPORT SOCIAL INDEX'S MOST VALUABLE NUMBER.

The Newport Social Index for 1914, which is being delivered today, is a finer and more valuable volume than ever. This is its tenth season of publication, and in every year the publishers have added a little more to the book, so that the edition of this year would hardly be recognized as even a distant relative of the book that was first put out. The Social Index of today is recognized as a very valuable aid to those summering in Newport, and in order to have it of the greatest possible benefit the publishers have advanced the date of publication considerably ahead of that of previous years.

The Social Index is complete in every detail. It is a remarkably handsome volume, being printed on suede finished paper, interleaved with Crane's bond memorandum sheets, and bound in red cloth. It is illustrated with a number of views of Newport cottages. But the real value of the book lies in the immense amount of useful information that can be found nowhere else. There is a complete list of the summer residents at Newport, Jamestown, Middletown and Narragansett Pier, together with their winter addresses, clubs, telephone numbers, etc.; a list of the officers of the army and navy stationed at Newport and vicinity; the diplomatic corps in Newport; an alphabetical list of cottages with their owners and occupants; officers and members of Newport clubs and societies; vessels of the New York Yacht club, etc. All this information is arranged in compact and handy form and is entirely accurate.

(From the Newport News.)

ITS TENTH SEASON.

Newport Social Index a Complete Directory of Newport and Vicinity.

The Newport Social Index makes its appearance for the tenth season. Each year there has been improvement in the book, and this is no exception. The Index is the only complete directory of social matters in Newport and vicinity, and contains a large amount of information concerning the summer residents not only of Newport but of Jamestown and Narragansett Pier. It gives a list of these residents, with their winter addresses, members of their families and their clubs; an alphabetical list of the names of cottages, with their occupants; the officers of Newport summer resident clubs and societies, officers of the army and navy stationed in this vicinity, members of the diplomatic corps located in Newport and vessels of the New York Yacht Club in commission. The Index is handsomely printed on heavy calendared paper and has several pictures of Newport summer residences. It is published, as usual, by the Newport Social Index Association.

Newport Hospital Election.

The forty-first annual meeting of the corporation of the Newport Hospital was held on Tuesday afternoon, when various annual reports were received and officers were elected for the year. The annual report of the trustees was read by President William P. Buffum, giving a resume of the work accomplished during the past year. He spoke of the sudden testing of the Hospital's resources when the typhoid outbreak occurred after the trip to Put-in-Bay, and he believed that the spread of the disease was prevented by the prompt removal of the patients to the Hospital.

The new officers are as follows:

President—William P. Buffum.
Vice President—James A. Swan.
Secretary—Henry G. Wilks.
Treasurer—Thomas B. Congdon.
Auditing Committee—Thomas P. Peckham, Edwin S. Burdick.
Trustees, for three years—James Andrews Swan, Bradford Norman, Dr. Charles A. Brackett.

The violators of the State law regarding the use of mufflers of motor boats are likely to find themselves in serious trouble before long. The board of trade has taken the matter up with Governor Pothier and he has promised to back the Sheriff to the extreme limit to see that the law is enforced. If the noise from these motor boats is finally abated the owners of the fine residences along the shore will rejoice greatly as they have been working for a number of years to secure the passage of a suitable law and to have the law enforced.

Lieutenant Commander Harry K. Cage, who has been the efficient and energetic executive officer at the Training Station for some time, will leave the Station this month having been ordered to duty on the Asiatic station.

Mr. Neil McLennan was operated upon at the Newport Hospital last week for an acute attack of appendicitis. He was taken ill very suddenly and his case was for a time very critical but is now on the highway to recovery.

A number of French residents of Newport held a dinner at a local restaurant on Tuesday evening for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile.

The Secretary of the Navy came and went and but little attention was given him.

Sons of Temperance Here.

The annual session of the National Division, Sons of Temperance, has been held in Newport during the past week. There have been some 100 delegates in attendance, and the sessions have been held in the First Baptist John Clarke Memorial Church. Mr. Horatio B. Wood, who has long been an active worker in the order, was largely instrumental in securing this convention to Newport, and he has been very busy during the past week, overseeing the entertainment of the visitors. The delegates have had a splendid opportunity to see Newport, and a number of special events have been arranged in their honor, among them being a drill at the Naval Training Station.

The annual election of officers was held on Thursday, Mr. Horatio B. Wood being elected Most Worthy Associate, the second office in the organization. In the evening there was a public meeting, at which a number of the speakers took occasion to express their thanks for the reception accorded them in Newport. Mr. Ara Hildreth, long an active member of the order, and one of the oldest men in Newport, made a short address on the experiences of Obadiah Holmes in Salem. Mr. H. B. Wood gave an interesting historical address.

The next meeting of the order will be in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, next July.

The fishermen who land their fish at Long wharf are considerably stirred up over an order recently posted on the wharf to the effect that no fish can be packed on the wharf unless for shipment over one of the railroad or steamboat lines allied with the New Haven system. The company has heretofore allowed fishermen and purchasing agents a wide latitude in the free use of the wharf, and in consequence a considerable industry has been built up here, largely because of the convenience in handling fish. This year a considerable quantity of fish have been handled on the wharf for transportation over other lines or for cold storage, and the company felt that it was time to restrict the use of its private property for purely public purposes.

Official Visits.

Supreme Warden Frank E. Hill of New Haven, Conn., paid a social visit to Malbone Lodge, No. 93, New England Order of Protection, in this city and made to the members in attendance a very interesting and valuable address. Deputy Grand Warden William H. Fiske of Providence was present, accompanied by Grand Guide Edward Donovan also of Providence. The deputy made an official visit and communicated the semi-annual password. Both he and the Grand Guide made interesting addresses. They all pronounced the Order to be in a most flourishing condition throughout New England.

Miss Edith May Tilley, librarian of the Newport Historical Society, has just put out a little pamphlet on "Historic Spots in Newport." This gives in condensed form a brief description of the various historic places in Newport, and in many instances little anecdotes of an interesting nature are given. This is a very valuable and interesting booklet for either visitor or resident of Newport, and should find a ready sale. It may be regarded as authoritative, as Miss Tilley's experience in historical work has made her familiar with details of Newport's history. The pamphlet was printed at the MERCURY office.

The officers of the Newport Historical Society are making great preparations for the Indian exhibition and lawn fete to be held this afternoon on the grounds of Mrs. Lawrence L. Gillespie's residence on Bellevue avenue. The programme includes songs of Indian life at 4.30 p. m., and special dancings at 6 p. m. The Seventh Artillery Band from Fort Adams will render music during the afternoon, and there will be a sale of candy, postcards, novelties and refreshments.

An exhibition of a new style of street lights is now going on in the Broadway business section. The Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company have installed 17 lights of an ornamental character in order that the representative council and the people of Newport may have an opportunity to judge what they wish. The new lights are enclosed in opal glass and shed a very soft diffused light. Most people seem to like them.

The third annual exhibition under the auspices of the Newport Art Association will take place at the galleries of the Association, formerly the Hunt Studio on Church street next week. It is expected that this exhibition will surpass any of its predecessors. The exhibition is composed largely of the work of local artists and is always interesting.

Webster in Prison Again.

Arthur G. Webster, the Portsmouth car barn robber who was pardoned by Governor Pothier last winter, seems to be playing in hard luck. When he was released from the Rhode Island penitentiary, Missouri officers were waiting for him to take him back to St. Louis. When the St. Louis authorities failed to convict him of the old charges in that city he was turned over to the Delaware authorities who wanted him to serve out an old sentence there. He was taken to Wilmington and placed in the County workhouse to serve a five years sentence.

Eighteen years ago Webster was convicted of robbing a residence in Wilmington. He had served two months of his sentence when he placed a dummy in his cot, feigned illness and held up Deputy Sheriff Gould with a revolver when he entered the cell. Webster liberated Eldridge and Mitchell, his companions in burglary, and the three scaled the jail walls. Mitchell was recaptured and finished his sentence, and Eldridge, convicted of robbery in another State, committed suicide.

Redwood Lodge No. 11, K. of P., tendered a dinner at the Clifton House on Friday evening to the members of Burnside Lodge, No. 32 of Bristol, on the occasion of the return of the collar. An excellent menu had been prepared, and it was expected that some 75 Knights would be seated at the tables.

A vicious assault on an elderly man and his two sons in the West Broadway section this week gave considerable work for the police. It seems to be the result of bad blood of long standing.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Rev. Latta Griswold, has resumed his duties at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel having returned last week from his vacation.

The evening service at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday was devoted to reports from the International Convention of the Epworth League held last week in Buffalo. The pastor, Rev. Edward E. Wells, and the president of the League here, Mr. William Livesey Brown, were delegates from this Church, and Mr. Brown spoke at length on the trip. He also exhibited books, maps and pictures. Mr. Wells spoke briefly of the fine speakers and of their inspiring words. He intends to devote two Sunday evenings to a summary of the addresses. Both Mr. Wells and Mr. Brown wore the handsome gilt delegate's badge which entitled them to the freedom of the city.

An excellent musical program was presented Monday evening at the town hall by the choir of St. Mary's Church for the benefit of the choir fund. The soloists included Mrs. Jennie Dussault, soprano, Mr. Arthur Isherwood, tenor, Mr. Harry Oates baritone, and Mrs. William Riding, accompanist, all of Fall River. They were assisted by an accomplished banjo player, Miss Lillian Chadwick. The numbers were heartily encored. General dancing followed during which Miss Helen Weaver and Paymaster Pigman gave a very graceful exhibition of the maxixe and the hesitation waltz. Fruit punch was served by Mrs. J. Alton Barker, and Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman, and Mrs. Fred A. Coggeshall conducted a cake table. The affair was under the auspices of St. Mary's Choir Guild, the committee being Miss Annie R. Almy, Miss Maud Weaver, Mrs. J. Alton Barker, and Mrs. Coggeshall. Mrs. Sherman is president of the choir Guild.

Aquidneck Grange at its recent meeting, voted to omit its last meeting in July in favor of the annual picnic, also the first Grange date in August on account of the State Grange Field Day at Kingston College. Mrs. William Clarence Peckham, Mrs. Clifton B. Ward, and Mrs. John H. Peckham, were appointed a committee to settle upon a date and place for the Grange picnic.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew of the church of the Holy Cross held its monthly meeting at the Guild House Wednesday evening, Francis Barker Underwood presiding in the absence of Rev. F. W. Goodman, who is slowly recovering from the effects of his operation in June. A letter of regret for his absence was read from him. Following the roll call and business—George Anthony conducted a helpful program upon the work of the order.

The Oliphant Club concluded its meetings for the season last week, taking its annual outing to the home of Mrs. Howard Bailey in New Bedford. A basket lunch at noon was followed by a program upon "David Grayson and his writings"—with piano selections by a daughter of the hostess Miss Ruth Bailey. Among the guests was a former teacher at the Oliphant School Middletown, Mrs. Herbert Bailey, formerly Miss Martha Quiripel of Padanaram. The latter portion of the afternoon was spent at Buttonwood Park, the guests returning in the evening.

Miss Louise Henry Smith of Brookline Mass., a native of Middletown, has returned after a month's visit among relatives.

A few potatoes are being dug in response to an urgent demand for them. The crop is not fully ready although some vines are looking brown. This condition has been attributed to an overdose of Paris green.

Rev. Dr. Arthur Rogers arrived Saturday from Evanston Ill. for two month's vacation which will be spent with his family at "Lazy Lawn" 3d, Beach Road. In his absence his church at Evanston will be supplied by an old college classmate.

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS," "THE TEXICAN," Etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

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CHAPTER XV.

When the solid earth quakes, though it move but a thousandth of an inch beneath our feet, the human brain reels and we become dizzy, sick and afraid. So, too, at the thought that some trusted friend has played us false, the mind turns back upon itself and we doubt the stability of everything—for a moment. Then, as we find all the trees straight up, the world intact, and the hills in their proper places, we cast the treacherous doubts aside and listen to the voice of reason.

For one awful moment Hooker saw himself betrayed by his friend, either through weakness or through guile; and then his mind straightened itself and he remembered that Phil was in jail.

What more natural, then, than that the rurales should search his pockets and give the ore to Aragon! He stooped and picked up the chunk of rock—that precious, pocket-worn specimen that had brought them the first promise of success—and wiped it on his sleeve.

Mechanically he placed it beside the other piece which Aragon had gouged from the edge, and while he gazed at them he wondered what to do—to leave their mine and go to his friend, or to let his friend wait and stand guard by their treasure—and his heart told him to go to his friend.

So he swung up on his horse and followed slowly, and as soon as it was dark he rode secretly through Old Fortuna and on till he came to the jail. It was a square stone structure, built across the street from the cantina in order to be convenient for the drunks, and as Bud rode up close and stared at it, some one hailed him through the bars.

"Hello there, pardner," called Hooker, swinging down and striding over to the black window, "how long have they had you in here?"

"Two days," answered Phil from the inner darkness; "but it seems like a lifetime to me. Say, Bud, there's a Mexican in here that's got the jim-jams—regular tequila jag—can't you get me out?"

"Well, I sure will!" answered Bud; "what have they got you in for? Where's our friend, Don Juan? Why didn't he let me know?"

"You can search me!" railed De Lancey. "Seems like everybody quits you down here the minute you get into trouble. I got arrested night before last by those d——d rurales—Manuel Del Rey was behind it, you can bet your life on that—and I've been here ever since!"

"Well, what are you pinched for? Who do I go and see?"

"Pinched for nothing!" cried De Lancey bitterly. "Pinched because I'm a Mexican citizen and can't protect myself! I'm incomunicado for three days!"

"Well, I'll get you out, all right," said Hooker, leaning closer against the bars. "Here, have a smoke—did they frisk you of your makings?"

"No!" snapped De Lancey crossly, "but I'm out of everything by this time. Bud, I tell you I've had a time of it! They threw me in here with this crazy, murdering Mexican and I haven't had a wink of sleep for two days. He's quiet now, but I don't want any more."

"Well, say," began Bud again, "what are you charged with? Maybe I can grease somebody's paw and get you out tonight!"

There was an awkward pause at this, and finally De Lancey dropped his white face against the bars and his voice became low and beseeching.

"I'll tell you, Bud," he said, "I haven't been quite on the square with you—I've been holding out a little. But you know how it is—when a fellow's in love. I've been going to see Gracia!"

"Oh!" commented Hooker, and stood very quiet while he waited.

"Yes, I've been going to see her," hurried on Phil. "I know I promised; but, honest, Bud, I couldn't help it. It just seemed as if my whole being was wrapped up in her, and I had to do it. She'd be looking for me when I came and went—and then I fixed it with her maid to take her a letter. And then I met her secretly, back by the garden gate. You know they've got some holes punched in the wall—loopholed during the fight last summer—and we'd—"

"Sure, I'll take your word for that," broke in Hooker harshly. "But get to the point! What are you pinched for?"

"Well," went on De Lancey, his voice quavering at the reproof, "I was going to tell you, if you'll listen to me. Somebody saw us there and told Aragon—he shut her up for a punishment and she slipped me out a note—well, I couldn't stand it—I hired the string band and we went down there in a hack to give her a serenade. But this cad, Manuel del Rey, who has been acting like a jealous ass all along, swooped down on us with a detachment of his rurales and took us all to jail. He let the musicians out the next morning, but I've been here ever since."

"Yes, and what are you charged with?" demanded Bud brusquely.

"Drunk," confessed Phil, and Bud grunted.

"Huh!" he said "and me out watching that mine night and day!"

"Oh, I know I've done you dirt, Bud," wailed De Lancey; "but I didn't mean to, and I'll never do it again."

"Never do what?" inquired Bud roughly.

"I won't touch another drop of booze as long as I'm in Mexico!" cried Phil. "Not a drop!"

"And how about the girl?" continued Bud inexorably. "Her old man was out and tried to jump our mine today—how about her?"

"Well," faltered De Lancey, "I'll—she—"

"You know your promise!" reminded Bud.

"Yes; I know. But—oh, Bud, if you knew how loyal I've been to you—if you know what offers I've resisted—the mine stands in my name, you know."

"Well?"

"Well, Aragon came around to me last week and said if I'd give him a half interest in it he'd—well, never mind—it was a great temptation. But did I fall for it? Not on your life! I know you, Bud, and I know you're honest—you'd stay by me to the last ditch, and I'll do the same by you. But I'm in love, Bud, and that would make a man forget his promise if he wasn't true as steel."

"Yes," commented Hooker dryly. "I don't reckon I can count on you much from now on. Here, take a look at this and see what you make of it." He drew the piece of ore that he had taken from Aragon from his pocket and held it up in the moonlight. "Well, feel of it, then," he said. "Shucks, you ought to know that piece of rock, Phil—it's the first one we found in our mine!"

"No!" exclaimed De Lancey, starting back; "why—where'd you get it?"

"Never mind where I got it!" answered Hooker. "The question is: What did you do with it?"

"Well, I might as well come through with it," confessed Phil, the last of his assurance gone; "I gave it to Gracia!"

"And I took it away from Aragon," continued Bud, "while he was digging some more chunks out of our mine. So that is your idea of being true as steel, is it? You've done nobly by me and Kruger, haven't you? Yes, you've been a good pardner, I don't think!"

"Well, don't throw me down, Bud!" pleaded Phil. "There's some mistake somewhere. Her father must have found it and taken it away! I'd stake my life on it that Gracia would never betray me!"

"Well, think it over for a while," suggested Bud, edging his words with sarcasm. "I'm going up to the hotel!"

"No; come back!" cried De Lancey, clamoring at the bars. "Come on back, Bud! Here!" he said, thrusting his hand out through the heavy irons. "I'll give you my word for it—I won't see her again until we get our title! Will that satisfy you? Then give me your hand, pardner—I'm sorry I did you wrong!"

"It ain't me," replied Hooker soberly, as he took the trembling hand; "it's Kruger. But if you'll keep your word, Phil, maybe we can win out yet. I'm going up to find the comisario."

A brief interview with that smiling individual and the case of Phil De Lancey was laid bare. He had been engaged in a desperate rivalry with Manuel del Rey for the hand of Gracia Aragon, and his present incarceration was not only for singing rag-time beneath the Aragon windows, but for trying to whip the captain of the rurales when the latter tried to place him under arrest.

And De Lancey was the prisoner not of the comisario, but of the captain of the rurales. Sore at heart, Bud rode up through the Mexican quarters to the cuartel of the rurales, but the captain was inexorable.

"No, senor," he said, waving an eloquent finger before his nose, "I cannot release your friend. No, senor!"

"But what is he charged with?" persisted Bud, "and when is his trial? You can't keep him shut up without a trial."

At this the captain of the rurales lifted his eyebrows and one closely waxed mustachio and smiled mysteriously.

"Y como no?" he inquired. "And why not? Is he not a Mexican citizen?"

"Well, perhaps he is!" thundered Bud, suddenly rising to his full height, "but I am not! I am an American, senor capitan, and there are other Americans! If you hold my friend without a trial I will come and tear your jail down—and the comisario will not stop me, either!"

"Ah!" observed the dandy little captain, shrugging his mustachio once more and blinking, and while Hooker raged back and forth he looked him over appraisingly.

"One moment!" he said at last, raising a quieting hand. "These are perilous times, senor, in which all the defenders of Fortuna should stand together. I do not wish to have a difference with the Americans when Bernardo Bravo and his men are marching to take our town. No, I value the friendship of the valiant Americans very highly—so I will let your friend go. But first he must promise me one thing—not to trouble the Senor Aragon by making further love to his daughter!"

"Very well!" replied Bud. "He has already promised that to me; so come on and let him out."

"To you?" repeated Manuel del Rey with a faint smile. "Then, perhaps—"

"Perhaps nothing!" broke in Hooker shortly. "Come on!"

He led the way impatiently while the captain, his saber clanking, strode out and rode beside him. He was not a big man, this swashing captain of the rural police, but he was master, nevertheless, of a great district, from Fortuna to the line, with a reputation for quick work in the pursuance of his duty as well as in the primrose ways of love.

In the insurrections and raidings of the previous summer he had given the coup de grace with his revolver to more than one embryo bandit, and in his love affairs he had shown that he could be equally summary.

The elegant Feliz Luna, who for a time had lingered near the charming Gracia, had finally found himself up against a pair of pistols with the option of either fighting Captain del Rey or returning to his parents. The young man concluded to beat a retreat. For a like offense Philip De Lancey had been unceremoniously thrown into jail; and now the capitan turned his attention to Bud Hooker, whose mind he had not yet fathomed.

"Excuse me, senor," he said, after a brief silence, "but your words left me in doubt—whether to regard you as a friend or a rival."

"What?" demanded Bud, whose knowledge of Spanish did not extend to the elegancies.

"You said," explained the captain politely, "that your friend had promised you he would not trouble the lady further. Does that mean that you are interested in her yourself, or merely that you perceive the hopelessness of his suit and wish to protect him from a greater evil that may well befall him? For look you, senor, the girl is mine, and no man can come between us!"

"Huh!" snorted Bud, who caught the last all right. Then he laughed shortly and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said gruffly, "but he will stay away, all right."

"Muy bien," responded Del Rey carelessly and, dismounting at the jail, he threw open the door and stood aside for his rival to come out.

"Muchas gracias, senor capitan," saluted Bud, as the door clanged to behind his pardner. But Phil still bristled with anger and defiance, and the captain perceived that there would be no thanks from him.

"It is nothing," he replied, bowing politely, and something in the way he said it made De Lancey choke with rage. But there by the carcel door was not the place for picking quarrels. They went to the hotel, where Don Juan, all apologies for his apparent neglect—which he excused on the ground that De Lancey had been held incomunicado—placated them as best he could and hurried on to the news.

"My gracious, Don Felipe," he cried, "you don't know how sorry I was to see you in jail, but the captain's orders were that no one should go near you—and in Mexico we obey the rurales, you know. Otherwise we are placed against a wall and shot.

"But have you heard the news from down below? Ah, what terrible times they are having there—ranches raided, women stolen, rich men held for ransom! Yes, it is worse than ever! Already I am receiving telegrams to prepare rooms for the refugees, and the people are coming in crowds.

"Our friend, the Senor Luna, and his son Felix have been taken by Bernardo Bravo! Only by an enormous ransom was he able to save his wife and daughters, and his friends must now pay for him.

"At the ranch of the rich Spaniard, Alvarez, there has been a great battle in which the red-flaggers were defeated with losses. Now Bernardo Bravo swears he will avenge his men, and Alvarez has armed his Yaqui workmen.

"He is a brave man, this Colonel Alvarez, and his Yaquis are all warriors from the hills; but Bernardo has gathered all the insurrectos in the country together—Campos, Rojas, the brothers Escaboza—and they may crush him with their numbers. But now there is other news—that they are marching upon Fortuna and El Tigre, to seize the mines and mills and hold the rich American companies up for ransom.

"No, senores, you must not return to your camp. Remain here, and you shall still have your room, though Spanish gentlemen sleep on the floors. No, allow me, Don Felipe! I wish to show you how highly I value your friendship! Only because we cannot disobey the rurales did I suffer you to lie in jail; but now you shall be my guest, you shall—"

"Nope," answered Bud; "we're safer out at the mine."

He glanced at De Lancey, in whose mind rosy visions were beginning to gather, and he, too, declined—with a sigh.

"Make it a bed for the night," he said. "I've got to get out of this town before I tangle with Del Rey again and find myself back in jail. And now lead me to it—I'm perishing for a bath and a sleep!"

They retired early and got up early—for Bud was haunted by fears. But as they passed through Old Fortuna the worst happened to him—they met Gracia, mounted on a prancing horse and followed by a rural guard, and she smote him to the heart with a smile.

It was not a smile for Phil, gone astray and wounding by chance; it was a dazzling, admiring smile for Bud alone, and he sat straighter in his saddle. But Phil uttered a groan and struck his horse with the quirt.

"She cut me!" he moaned.

"Aw, forget it!" growled Bud, and they rode on their way in silence.

CHAPTER XVI.

At their camp by the Eagle Tail mine, even though they held it still and were heirs to half its gold, the two pardners were glum and sorrowful. The treacheries which Bud had forgiven in a moment of exaltation came back to him now as he brooded; and he eyed his friend askance, as if wondering what he would do next.

He recalled all the circumstances of their quest—the meeting with Kruger, Phil's insistence on the adventure, the oath of loyalty which they had sworn; and then the gradual breaking down of their brotherly devotion until now they were strangers at heart.

Phil sat by himself, keeping his thoughts to himself, and he stood aloof while he waited for the worst to happen.

From the first day of their undertaking Hooker had felt that it was unlucky, and now he knew that the end was coming. His friend was lost to him, lost alike to a sense of loyalty and honor; he gloomed by himself and thought only of Gracia Aragon.

The oath which Phil himself had forced upon Bud was broken and forgotten; but Bud, by a sterner standard, felt bound to keep his part. One thing alone could make him break it—his word to Henry Kruger. The Eagle Tail mine he held in trust, and half of it was Kruger's.

"Phil," he said at last, when his mind was weary of the ceaseless grind of thoughts, "I believe that mineral agent is holding back our papers. I believe old Aragon has passed him a hundred or so and they're in cahoots to rob us. But I'll tell you what I'll do—you give me a power of attorney to receive those papers for you, and I'll go in and talk Dutch to the whole outfit."

"What do you want to do that for?" demanded De Lancey querulously. "Why can't you wait a while? Those papers have to go to Moctezuma and Hermosillo and all over the City of Mexico and back, and it takes time. What do you want to make trouble for?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Phil," answered Bud honestly. "I've got a hunch if we don't grab them papers soon we won't get 'em at all. Here these rebels are working closer all the time, and Aragon is crowding us. I want to get title and turn it over to Kruger, before we lose out somewhere."

"What's the matter with me going in and talking to the agent?" suggested Phil. Then, as he saw his pardner's face, he paused and laughed bitterly.

"You don't trust me any more, do you, Bud?" he said.

"Well, it ain't that so much," evaded Hooker; "but I sure don't trust that Manuel del Rey. The first time you go into town he's going to pinch you, and I know it."

"I'm going to go in all the same," declared De Lancey, "and if the little squirt tries to stop me—"

"Aw, Phil," entreated Bud, "be reasonable, can't ye? You got no call to go up against that little feller. He's a bad actor, I can see that, and I believe he'd kill you if he got the chance. But wait a little while—maybe he'll get took off in the fights this summer!"

"No, he's too cursed mean for that!" muttered De Lancey, but he seemed to take some comfort in the thought.

As for Bud, he loafed around for a while, cleaning up camp, making smoke for the absent Yaqui, and looking over the deserted mine, but something in the changed atmosphere made him restless and uneasy.

"I wonder where that dogged Indian went to," he said for the hundredth time, as the deep shadows gathered in the valley. "By Joe, Phil, if Amigo comes back I'm going to go ahead on that mine. I want to keep him around here, and we might as well get out some ore, if it's only for a grub-stake. Come on—what do you say? We'll open her up—there's nothing to hide now. Well, I'll do it myself, then—this setting around is getting on my nerves."

His far-seeing eyes, trained from his boyhood to search the hills for cattle, scanned the tops of the ridges as he spoke; and while he sat and pondered they noted every rock.

Then at last he rose up slowly and gazed at a certain spot. He waved his arm, beckoning the distant point of blackness to come in, and soon from around a point in the canyon the Yaqui appeared, bearing a heavy Mauser rifle on his arm.

Across his broad breast hung the same familiar cartridge-belt, two more encircled his hips, and he walked with his head held high, like the warrior that he was.

Evidently his flight had led to the place where his arms had been hid, for he wore the regulation knife-bayonet at his hip and around his hat was the red ribbon of his people, but Bud was too polite to ask him about his journey. Since his coming the Yaqui had always maintained a certain mystery, and now, though his eyes were big with portent and he smiled at the jests about his gun, he simply waved his hand to the south and east and murmured:

"Muchos revolutosos!"

"Seguro;" answered Bud jokingly; "but have you killed any?"

"Not yet!" returned the Indian, and he did not smile at that.

"I wonder what that Indian is waiting around here for?" remarked Phil in English. "He must have his eye on somebody."

"Yeah, I bet," agreed Bud, regarding his savage friend with a speculative interest. "Most of them Yaqui soldiers was farmhands in this country before they rounded them up. I reckon he's looking for the man that had him deported."

"Tired, Amigo?" he inquired in Spanish, and Ignacio gravely acknowledged that he was a little.

"Then drink plenty coffee," went on Hooker. "Eat lots—tomorrow we go to work in the mine."

"Tomorrow?" repeated the Indian, as if considering his other engagements; "good!" He nodded a smiling assent.

After a month and more of idleness Bud and Amigo performed prodigies of labor in the cut, rolling down boulders, lifting them up on the tram, and clearing away the face of the cliff. Their tram was ramshackle, their track the abandoned rails from older workings, and their tools little more than their hands, but by noon the last broken fragments were heaved aside and the shattered ledge revealed.

A low cry of wonder escaped the Yaqui as he gazed at the rich vein of ore, and as he saw the grim smile on Bud's rugged countenance he showed his white teeth in sympathy.

"Que bueno!" he murmured. "How good!" gathering the precious fragments in his handkerchief.

At the camp they crushed the picked ore in a mortar and panned it in the creek, and for the moment De Lancey dropped his air of preoccupancy as he stared at the streak of pure gold. Like a yellow film it lay along the edge of the last fine tailings, and when skilful washing had left it bare, it gleamed like a jewel in the pan.

"By Jove, Bud!" he cried, "that's the real stuff—and it goes a dollar to the pan easy!"

"Sure thing!" assented Bud. "Let's pound a lot of it and wash it as we go—then we'll have some getaway money when things break loose here!"

"I'll go you!" answered Phil, and Bud's heart warmed toward him as he watched him pound up a piece of ore and go to swirling the dirt in the pan.

But alas for the fond hopes he cherished! Even as he washed out the gold Phil's mind wandered far away, back to the hotel where Gracia Aragon sat watching by the window.

Her hair was the color of gold, spun fine and refined again; yes, it was worth more than this golden dross that he caught in the bottom of his pan. And what was gold if he could not have her?

He paused in his labor and a dreamy smile parted his lips—then he broke into a song:

Sweet honey bee, be sweet to me,
My heart is free, but here's the key;
Lock up the garden gate; honey, you know I'll wait,
Under the rambler rose tree-ee.

Once more he returned to his work, humming now the dulcet strains of "The Merry Widow," and when Bud came back from the cut it was to hear a coon song:

'Cos I want yer, me honey, yes, I want yer, want yer;
'Cos I want yer, me honey, yes I do!

So he labored and sang, until finally the labor ceased, and then the song. He went about other things, and other thoughts, not so cheerful, filled his mind.

Bud returned sadly to the company of the Yaqui and gave it up. Perhaps his pardner had been right when, riding out of Agua Negra, he had enlarged upon the dangers of Old Mexico, "the land of manana and broken promises." Certainly his speech had been prophetic in regard to dark-eyed women; for, even as he had said, nothing seemed to please them better than to come between man and man.

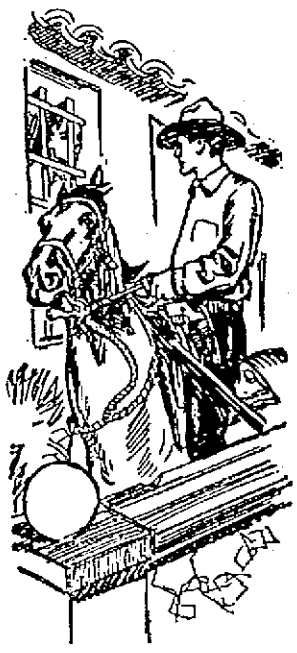
It was a madness, he felt sure—the spell of the hot country, where the women look out from behind barred windows and men sing beneath their balconies at midnight. Already it had cost him his pardner—would it conquer his will as well and make him forget his trust?

In his impotence the idea of some perverse fate—some malign influence over which he had no control—was strong with Hooker; yet when the blow fell he was not prepared for it. It was the third day of their mining and, with Amigo, he had been driving into the face of the cliff.

Already their round of holes was drilled, the fuses cut, the charges set, and as he retreated before the blast he noticed absently that Cruz Mendez was in camp. The shots followed, one after another, and he counted them to make sure there was no miss-fire—then he looked around and discovered that Phil was gone.

"Where is Don Felipe?" he inquired,

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE



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Sinking of the Caspian Sea.

Geologists claim that the Caspian sea is continually sinking. Known to all schoolboys as the largest interior body of water in the world, the Caspian is about 730 miles in greatest length and 330 miles in extreme width. Its area is estimated to be 170,000 square miles, while the area of England and Wales is 58,000 odd square miles. These figures give a clear idea of the size of the Caspian. Notwithstanding its size, parts of the sea are very shallow. In the southern portions, however, a depth of over 3,000 feet has been registered. Our physical geography tells us that the present sea is part of a vast oceanic water which at one time extended to the Arctic ocean.—Westminster Gazette.

The One Speech M. P.

No member ever impressed the house of commons with his gift of silence more than General Forester. This sensible man represented Much Wenlock for forty-six years and never made a speech. One member, Sir Charles Burrell, sat for sixty years, restraining himself nobly. He made one speech only in order to introduce a bill providing that housemaids should be forbidden to clean windows from the outside.—London Chronicle.

Missed the Name.

Guest of the Doctor's (late home from the theater)—Hurry up, old chap, and let me in. Absentminded Doctor (who has forgotten all about his visitor)—Who are you? Guest—Mr. Trane. Doctor—Missed a train, have you? Well, catch the next.—London Mail.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

LAND OF BROKEN PROMISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

of Mendes; and that low-browed brother of the burro bowed fawningly before he replied.

"He has gone to Fortuna," he said, wiping his face with a bath towel which he wore about his neck.

"And what for?" demanded Bud imperatively.

"I don't know, senor," writhed Mendez. "I brought him a letter."

"From whom?"

"I don't know. It was given to me by Juana, the servant of the Senorita Aragon."

"Ah!" breathed Bud, and pretended not to be surprised.

Thrust His Rifle Into Its Sling and Started for Town.

"Well, let 'im go!" he said to himself, and went back into the mine. It was what he had expected, in a way, and his code bade him keep his hands off. But the next morning, when the evil was either avoided or done, he thrust his rifle into its sling and started for the town. At the jail he halted and gazed in through the windows—then he rode up to the hotel and asked for Phil.

"What? Have you not heard?" clamored Don Juan. "Ah, it is most unfortunate—I would not have had it happen for the world!"

"What?" inquired Bud succinctly.

"Why, the quarrel—the encounter with Capitan del Rey! I did my best, I assure you, to prevent it, for the town has been put under martial law and the captain is in full charge. They quarreled over the favor of a lady, and now your friend is in jail."

"I didn't see him when I come by," observed Hooker.

"Ah, no—not in the carcel—in the cuartel, the guardhouse of the rurales!"

"Much obliged!" nodded Bud, and rode on through the town. The street of the Mexican quarter was filled with strange people hurrying to and fro; long packtrains loaded with trunks and curious bundles came swinging up from below; and a pair of rurales, looking fierce under their huge sombreros stood guard by the cuartel door.

"Where is the captain?" demanded Hooker. After requesting him to hang his pistol-belt on his saddle-horn, a sergeant showed him in to the chief.

Manuel del Rey was very busy with papers and orders, but as the American appeared in the doorway he rose and greeted him with a bow.

"Ah, good morning, senor," he said, with one swift glance to read his mood. "You are in search of your friend—no?"

"Si, senor," answered Hooker, but with none of the animosity which the captain had expected. "Where is he?"

"I regret very much," began the officer, speaking with military formality, "but it is my duty to inform you that the Senor De Lancey has left Fortuna. Last night he did me the honor to enlist in my company of rurales—he is now on his way to the north to assist in guarding the railroad."

"What?" shouted Bud, hardly able to believe his ears. But when the captain repeated it he no longer doubted his Spanish.

"But why?" he cried; "why did he join the rurales?"

"Ah, senor," shrugged Del Rey, "was he not a Mexican citizen? Very well, then; he could be summoned for military service. But the circumstances were these. Your friend came yesterday to this town, where I am at present military commander, and made an unprovoked assault upon my person. For this, according to law, he should have been shot at sunrise. But, not wishing to occasion unpleasantness with the Americans now residing here, I offered him the alternative of military service. He is now enlisted as a rural for a term of five years."

"Five years!" exclaimed Hooker; and then, instead of starting the expected rough-house—upon which the rural guards were prepared to jump on his back—he simply threw down his hat and cursed. Not anyone in particular, but everything in general; and at the end of it he turned once more upon the watchful captain.

"Dispenseme, senor," he said, "this is the truth, is it?"

"Si, senor," returned Captain del Rey. "But before leaving with his detachment your friend wrote this letter, which he requested me to deliver to you."

He offered with a flourish a sealed envelope, from which Bud extracted a short note.

Dear Bud:

When you get this I shall be *far* away. I must have been mad, but it is too late now. Rather than be executed I have enlisted as a rural. But I shall try to be brave for her sake. Take care of her, Bud—for me! PHIL.

Bud read it through again and meditated ponderously. Then he folded it up and thrust it in his pocket.

"Muchas gracias, senor capitan," he said, saluting and turning upon his heel; and while all the Mexicans marveled at the inscrutable ways of Americanos, he mounted and rode away.

(To Be Continued.)

A LEGEND OF MEXICO.

Origin of the Eagle and Serpent on Its Coat of Arms.

The coat of arms of the republic of Mexico, which occupies the center or white bar of the flag and consists of a beautiful device representing an eagle perched upon a cactus (what in Mexico is called nopal) devouring a serpent, is intimately connected with the history of the people. In the beginning of the fourteenth century the ancient Mexicans, or Aztecs, after wandering for a long time around the Mexican valley looking for a place to build their city, arrived after terrible sufferings and adventures on the southwestern border of Lake Tezcoco in 1325.

There they halted, for in front of them they beheld what naturally they considered an auspicious omen from their gods. An immense royal eagle of extraordinary size and beauty stood upon a cactus growing in the crevice of a rock washed by the waves of the lake. In its talons it held a serpent, and its broad, beautiful wings opened to the rising sun.

Obeying the mandate of their oracle that there they should build their city, they set to work, and by driving piles into the marshes with no other material at hand but frail reeds and rushes the foundations of the great Tenochtitlan, the chief city of the Aztecs and the site of the modern City of Mexico, were laid.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

Bismarck Once Gave a Striking Definition of the Term.

In the newspapers of today we very often find the words entente cordiale. Most readers understand the meaning of the expression, but it is rather difficult to make a translation that expresses the exact meaning of the original French. Prince Bismarck gave a good explanation when his daughter asked him what the entente cordiale really was.

"Well," he said, "it is not so easy to define literally. It means a cordial understanding, but it also has a little different significance. For example: You were in the courtyard this morning when I came from the garden with Nero. Diana was in the yard, gnawing a large bone. My Nero saw her and ran to seize the bone. Then there was a little fight, until I struck them a few sharp blows with my cane.

"After that the bone lay in the middle of the court, while both dogs stood off at some distance and looked eagerly at it. Each dog, in fact, was as anxious to keep the other away as he was afraid of my cane, and therefore neither ventured to seize it. You see, that is what they call in diplomatic circles an entente cordiale."—Youth's Companion.

Thirteenth Century Fire Prevention.

One wonders what fate would have overtaken the captured starter of fires in thirteenth century London, for after the blaze of 1212, which lasted ten days, swallowed up part of London bridge and was the cause of over 1,000 deaths, every precaution was taken against fires. For instance, all builders of houses were ordered to roof them with tiles, shingle boards or lead, and to stop an outbreak any house could be pulled down. Thus, Mr. H. B. Wheatley on the safeguards: "For the speedy removal of burning houses each ward was to provide a strong iron hook with a wooden handle, two chains and two strong cords, which were to be left with the bedel of the ward, who was also provided with a good horn 'loudly sounding.'" And, moreover, every householder was ordered to keep a barrel of water before his door.—London Standard.

The Other Way.

First Girl (in the crush at the parade)—Mercy! What a dreadful crowd. I wish now I'd stayed at home, don't you? Second Girl—Certainly not, but I wish to goodness those others had.—Boston Transcript.

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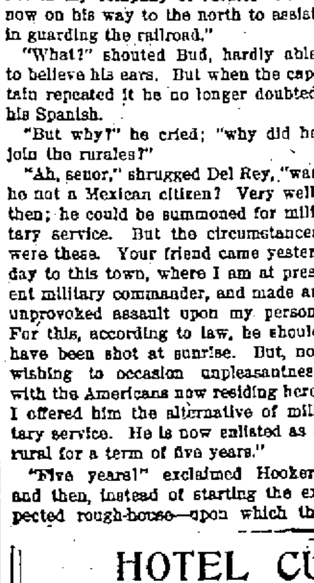

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Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

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18 and 20 Kinsley's Wharf,
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Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels,	$4.50
18 bushels,	$2.25

Common, delivered.

36 bushels,	$3.50
18 bushels,	$1.75

Price at works,

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, $10 for 100 bushel

Common, 9c. a bushel, $8 for 100 bushel.

Orders left at the Gas Office, 184 Thames street, or at Gas Works, will be filled promptly.

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, July 19, 1914.

Beeckman and Brazeau, the two B's, will make a good ticket for people to tie up to this fall.

Five railroads in this country report the employment of 38,000 less men this year on May 31st than on the same date in 1913. More of Wilson's psychological times.

The prospects of the early adjournment of Congress are growing thinner each day. It looks now as though Wilson would keep the members there till snow.

Just think of it!!! The high up officers of the Navy toasting the official head of the department with iced tea! It is a wonder that any of them survived the shock.

The month of August according to present indications will be a lively one in summer circles in Newport. The fashionable Newport has been resting this month, preparatory to an active campaign in August.

Washington despatch says the leaders of Mexican constitutionalists have been informed in unequivocal terms that they will not be accorded recognition by the United States if excesses are committed on their entry into Mexico City.

Investors have sustained losses in income return on stocks and bonds amounting to over $78,000,000 since closing months of 1912—$71,000,000 through passing or reduction of dividends and $7,000,000 through default of bond interest. This must make the investing public love the present Administration all the more.

The Democratic Senate in spite of the rebellion of Senators Hitchcock and Reed, is still subservient to the wishes of President Wilson. There never was a more complete boss in any political position than that same President. He bosses Congress at will, and although the members kick behind his back, before his face they are as docile as lambs. Although President Wilson is doing his best to upset the business of the country the Almighty is inclined to checkmate him by giving the country the most bountiful crops on record. The crops are the source of wealth and this years outlook indicates a largely increased wealth to the people as a whole.

The Massachusetts Legislature can see the R. I. General Assembly and go them several better in the matter of creating salary plums for favorites. They have made places for its Governor to fill where the salary list will reach $200,000 annually. The salaries are not small either. For instance a health Commissioner for five years draws $7,500 annually, eight district inspectors $3,500 each, three Boston port directors each $6,000, State board of Efficiency and Economy chairman $5,000 other members $4,500 each, board of State insanity Commission $5,000 each, Excise Commission for Boston $1,500, and so on to an unlimited extent. It is no wonder that the State tax has been increased this year.

What a Change!

A few months ago the Providence Journal was an ardent worshiper at the shrine of President Wilson. It refused to admit that he or his policies could be wrong. The only people that could be wrong were the wicked Republicans. Now a change has come over its views and the Administration is "getting it in the neck, to use a common expression, in every issue. Here are some interesting extracts from its Washington department.

Everybody in Congress and all classes of public officials in Washington, except, possibly, President Wilson, Secretary of State Bryan and Secretary of the Navy Daniels, is disgusted at the way things are going, and disgruntled almost to the point of open criticism and rebellion.

The members of Congress are angry because they are kept here to enact legislation that they and their constituents do not want; the officials of the department are in bad temper because the keeping of Congress here prevents the arrangement of vacation programmes and only the President and the Secretaries of State and Navy appear to be satisfied and complacent with the generally unsatisfactory situation.

Here is what it has to say of the Administration's Mexican policy or rather its lack of policy.

Official Washington has come to the point where the mention of the Mexican situation is regarded as a joke. Nobody here appears to know where the question of mediation was left by the adjournment at Niagara Falls, and nobody knows what the next step is to be. Officers of the army and navy are severe in their condemnation of a policy that allows the flower of the American navy to be dawdling away its strength and ambition on the sandhills about Vera Cruz while transports costing the Government thousands of dollars a day are tied up to the docks at Galveston, and that forces practically the entire Atlantic fleet of battleships with the auxiliaries, manned by the jackies and the rank and file of the marine corps, to bob about at anchor off Vera Cruz under the tropical sun without the slightest prospect of being called upon for service at any time in the near future.

Such articles are truly refreshing and show the order of a new convert who has got into the straight and narrow way after floundering round for a long time in the slough of error.

What Next in Mexico.

When we come to take our international inventory we find that we are not further along in the solution of Mexican troubles than when we began, except in the sense that the time that has elapsed has made the end that much nearer. We have decided to forgive the Tampico incident, ask no apologies and claim no indemnity. Huerta has resigned and is preparing to flee with his fortune. We have been told by careful investigators that this fortune is largely mythical, as that of Diaz was. Even Limantour took no fortune except what he inherited from his father, rife as were rumors of corruption in connection with the great railway merger. The only larceny about that was intangible; he stole the idea from Harriman.

Carranza and Villa have patched up their quarrel. But the cause of it is deep-seated and there is scant prospect of permanent truce. They may work together until the capital is captured. They may even agree on a provisional president. But the friends of Villa will not give the friends of Carranza full control of the elections. Gen. Angeles is a disturbing factor. Personalities count for more in Mexico than in countries of more stable government. Some close students of Mexican affairs say that the government of Diaz would not have fallen but for his accepting Corral for vice president. The Angeles issue, judging from the bitter statement already referred to, will not be the least in the Villa-Carranza fuss.

The execution of the land reforms, which are the hope of such peons as are not getting their reward in loot as they fight, will be no easy matter. In addition to the matter of vested rights of present owners there will arise constitutional difficulties in disposing of even the public lands. Under the federated system of Mexico the states have a claim on much of this land and will resist federal disposition of it without their consent. Good as the intentions of Madero were, he found that he could not begin to carry out the glowing promises he had made. Neither Carranza nor Villa can give each peon "forty acres and a mule." When the peons become impatient some new leader and large promiser will arise as the only genuine deliverer. And everything will have to be done over again unless our troops at Vera Cruz are used to uphold the government we are waiting to see set up. The only cause for the original presence of the troops having been removed by our gracious waiver of apologies and indemnity, some such contingency must be the reason for keeping them at Vera Cruz.

What will happen in that unhappy nation is hard to predict but lasting peace is the last thing to expect.

Diplomacy and the Navy.

(N. Y. Times.)

Secretary Daniel's portrayal, in his address at Newport, of the modern naval officer as a diplomat, may lead to some rude jesting. Our diplomats, it will be said, are too often "at sea." Nevertheless he made his point, that the action of one of our naval commanders at a foreign port may often determine our foreign policy, illustrating his meaning by citing the cases of Perry in Japan, Bonham at Rio de Janeiro, and Mayo at Tampico. But the Secretary of the Navy admitted that the naval officer is not fitted by education or training for the kind of diplomacy that says "Yes" when it means "Perhaps," and thereby he not only coined a useful phrase but suggested the danger of spreading the idea in the navy that commanders of vessels and fleets should take themselves seriously as diplomats at any time.

Prompt action rather than prompt speech is the first requirement of a competent naval commander. But the one habit is apt to beget the other. Good diplomacy depends less on dissembling than on discretion. Bonham enforced his "diplomacy" with a cannon ball. Real diplomatists are not armed. While the tribute of Mr. Daniels to the constructive diplomacy of Commodore Perry was well deserved, the interesting argument of which it was a part must be regarded as academic and not of much practical value.

The diplomats the United States should have in its service, and would have if a system of training were firmly established by making the service permanent—like that of the army and navy, and as far removed from politics—would be better able to do their share toward forming a sane foreign policy than any naval officer. That the Secretary's tribute to the generally good judgment and discretion of naval officers was well deserved, we have no doubt, but the less they have to do with our diplomatic relations the better. We need diplomats for that service and perhaps some day we may get them. We have had them, occasionally, in spite of the manner of appointments. But an organized and permanent service is required.

Motor car registration from 33 states shows an increase from 1,065,000 to 1,203,770 cars over last year. New York leads with 147,186; Illinois, 110,000; California, 104,880; Ohio, 102,280; Massachusetts, 63,511. This immense amount of depreciated capital is one of the things that aids President Wilson in making dull times for all other kinds of business. The time is not far distant when there will be a gigantic collapse in the automobile business. Loaners of money to buy automobiles with will be foreclosing mortgages before many years.

Judge—How dare you strike your wife, sir.

Husband—Well, she had her back to me and the kitchen door was open so I took a chance.—New York Globe.

Hospitality solves and annuls even the mysterious antagonisms that exist between races. The glorious and beautiful and sacred rite makes all men brothers.—Exchange.

To Nullify the Effect.

Many states are passing child labor laws intended to benefit the condition of children of the country. Some of these laws are all right and are of benefit to the country but others are too drastic. Ohio furnishes a striking example of the latter class. It has been announced by the State Industrial Commission that boys under 15 and girls under 16 years of age can not, even during their vacation, do work in the forbidden occupations. These occupations are about the only ones open to residents of the larger towns and cities. They include work in, about or in connection with any mill, factory, workshop, store, office, office building, restaurant, boarding house, bakery, barber shop, hotel, apartment house, bootblacks' stand, public stable, garage, laundry, place of amusement or club, or in the distribution, transmission or sale of merchandise.

The law is naturally proving unpopular to parents and to children who have an ambition to do something. Vocational training is in its infancy and work during vacations has always permitted the learning of trades or at least the nature of trades. Boys and girls in cities will be forced to spend their vacations in idleness, unless they can find work in the country or in the few vocations that are not prohibited. This will do them great harm. The boy who never does any work until he completes school is not likely to be of much use. The framers of the law were either very careless in drafting it or they were swept by their opposition to child labor into another extreme almost as bad. The sooner children are taught to do remunerative work, without interfering with their health or their schooling, the better off they will be. No doubt the next Ohio Legislature will alter the law in the interest of common sense. Other states have done things almost as freakish, particularly in dealing with the children of itinerant actors. Such extreme applications of the laws against child labor may cause a revulsion of feeling against even sensible attempts to correct one of the worst evils of our time. A spirit of reasonableness should be cultivated by our legislators.

Mr. Roosevelt and Tools.

(N. Y. Herald.)

Is the chief of the Bull Moose party starting a campaign to mar the situation in this State by dissimulation? Untrue to himself, to his party and to the public, he declares that he cannot support Charles E. Whitman for Governor because Mr. Whitman bears Mr. Barnes' rubber stamp.

In order not to be misunderstood we will say that the HERALD does not care a rap whether Mr. Whitman or Mr. Roosevelt is the Republican nominee. That is a party affair with which we have naught to do. Our main concern is that the election shall result in such a manner as will insure an improvement in the government of the State of New York and the punishment of looters without regard to party. The enforcement of the criminal law, not Panama or South American exploration, is the issue.

We are, then, free to express our opinion of Mr. Roosevelt's statement that Mr. Whitman is the tool of Mr. Barnes. Mr. Roosevelt knows that this is not true. He knew it before he went to Europe and he knows it now. No one is more expert on the question of tools of Mr. Barnes than Mr. Roosevelt himself. When Mr. Barnes was far more objectionable than he is now—long before he had grown to his present state of usefulness and wisdom—Mr. Roosevelt was Mr. Barnes' tool and Mr. Barnes was Mr. Roosevelt's tool. Mr. Roosevelt was willing to deal and dicker with Messrs. Quigg, Barnes, O'Brien, Betts, Hendricks, Dady and all others in the State machine, some of them living, some of them dead. And deal and dicker with them he did until they tired of him.

But in order to gain time and ascertain whether his split and splintered forces can be drawn together he makes an attack on Mr. Whitman.

Mr. Whitman can take care of himself, and we make the above observations simply for the purpose of clearing the air of a slight fog similar to that which was went to exude from the presence of Pecksniff.

PORTSMOUTH.

From our Regular Correspondent

The monthly meeting of the Town Council and Court of Probate was held at the Town Hall Monday afternoon with all the members present.

Joseph A. Parks, James O. Mills and Thomas Barton asked that a sidewalk be built in Island Park district, and it was voted that the committee on highways for the district have the matter in charge.

A petition for a license to maintain a wheel of chance was refused. Two minor licenses were granted.

George T. Sweet was appointed weigher of crushed stone.

The following bills were allowed and ordered paid: B. W. Storrs, M. D., $30; Walter F. Dyer, $7.97; P. D. Humphrey, $10.63; T. T. Pitman Corporation, $10.63; Atwell Tucker, keeper of town farm, $100; Isaac L. Fish, $30.03; Walter R. Wrightman, $39; William Bone, $20.

In Probate Court the first and final accounts of Bernard V. Potter, administrator on the estate of John S. Potter, and of Annie Murphy, administrator on the estate of Margaret Murphy were allowed and ordered recorded.

The petition of Margaret L. Slack, guardian of the person and estate of Frank H. Slack for permission to mortgage certain real estate in Providence, was granted, bond $50, with William P. Sheffield, of Newport, as surety.

The petition of Edward P. Hopkins, on the foreign will of Abbie P. Hopkins, was referred to August 10th.

Mr. E. L. Parsons, of Providence, spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Jennie Wyatt.

Mr. Edward C. Faulkner is engaged with the New Bedford Steamship Co. as a watchman on one of the boats running from New Bedford to New York.

Miss Ruth Brown is spending a week with Miss Esther Gifford.

Miss Mary Barclay left Monday for Buffalo N. Y., where she will spend her vacation with her brother, Mr. Geo. Barclay and Mrs. Barclay. Miss Barclay has been engaged to teach at the new Clarendon Street School, Cranston, in the fall.

Mrs. Frank Robinson, of Cambridge, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Hortense Pierce.

The Bridge Whist Club was entertained this week by Mrs. Arthur A. Sherman, Mrs. Archibald G. Sherman, of Newport, won the prize.

Mrs. Benjamin L. Dennis is entertaining her nieces, Misses Mildred and Helen Barker.

Mrs. Peter Malone entertained the choir of St. Paul's Church recently. Mrs. Harry Singleton, of Washington, D. C., who is spending the summer in Tiverton, was also a guest and gave several songs. The other guests gave vocal and instrumental selections.

Edward B. McLean has just registered five automobiles, and Charles L. Grinnell has one registered.

Mrs. Eliza Eager, of Providence, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Perry G. Randall.

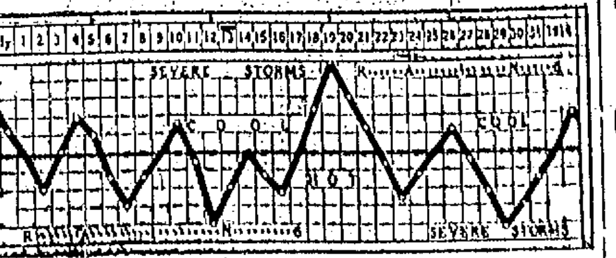
In spite of the unfavorable weather there was a good attendance at the lawn party, given by the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the church grounds. The supper was served in the vestry, the tables were decorated in different colors. Mrs. Frank L. Tallman was in charge of one, assisted by Mrs. Curtis Tallman and Mrs. William Mosher. Mrs. Robert Wyatt was assisted by Mrs. Amanda Cross. Mrs. William F. Brayton was assisted by Miss Alice N. Brayton. Miss Violetta Yeaw and Mrs. Lester Coggeshall. Mrs. William Chase and Mrs. Amanda Cross were at the cake table. Misses Marjorie Borden Mattie Ashley and Minnie Dennis sold candy and orangeade. The ladies' table was decorated with blue and was in charge of Mrs. Charles Ashley. Mrs. William Spooner and Mrs. A. Fremont Grinnell poured tea and coffee. Mr. and Mrs. David Hedly and Mr. Sidney Hedly were in charge of the ice cream. Miss Lois Ashley sold supper tickets and Mr. Charles Borden sold admission tickets.

St. Mary's Guild met at St. Mary's rectory on Tuesday.

Master Allston Clarke is spending the week with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anthony.

Miss Mary S. Lamb has returned to her home in New Bedford after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Clarke.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



July temperatures will average about normal. High temperatures, moving eastward, will reach meridian 90 near June 30 after which the trend will be downward till July 15. A very high temperature waive will reach meridian 90 near July 19 and then the trend will be downward till last days of the month.

Rains of July will be the reverse of those of June and precipitation will be from about normal to excessive. Most rains in the cotton states with a gradual decrease of rain to northward. Not much rain in Canada during July.

Severe storms are expected first week of July, dangerous storms second week and July 22 to 31. Light frosts are expected in northern spring wheat sections near July 20 and very cool near July 12.

Treble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C. July 14, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent July 17 to 21, warm wave 16 to 20, cool wave 19 to 24. This was expected to be the hot wave of July with but little rain before the cool wave comes in. Cooler than usual preceding and following this disturbance was expected.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about July 24, cross Pacific slope by close of 24, great central valleys 25 to 27, eastern sections 28. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about July 23, great central valleys 25, eastern sections 27. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about July 26, great central valleys 28, eastern sections 30.

The general average of temperatures will trend downward more than usual following July 19 and as the cool wave of this disturbance comes in more than usual amount of rain is expected, particularly south of latitude 40. Severe storms will develop from this disturbance and very cool weather will prevail preceding and following it.

Rainfall conditions made quite a change near June 30 as predicted in these bulletins and the principal precipitation is expected to continue south of latitude 40 till about July 29 when another radical change in the locations of rainfall will occur. That change will not be favorable to the corn and Spring wheat crops and in some sections it will not be good for the cotton crop.

The August precipitation is expected to be unusually similar to that of June, principally along and north of latitude 40. More floods are expected in China and heavy rains and snows in South America. This distribution of precipitation is expected to cause a drouth in August in large sections south of latitude 40 and this drouth is expected to damage cotton and corn.

Now is the time to think about sowing winter wheat and we can speak more confidently on that subject than ever before. We sure have the key to the knowledge of future general rainfall and therefore an important knowledge of future wheat crops. The great plains sections east of Rockies are the richest of all wheat lands. When they get sufficient moisture at the right time they are capable of producing enough wheat to feed the whole human race. But some times they do not get the moisture at the right time and then a very great loss occurs. It is very expensive to sow wheat and a total loss of the crop one season is ruinous.

We now have much faith in our ability to approximate the amount and location of precipitation, both in snow and rain, for each month of the year, a year or more in advance and this should be made the guide by all farmers and planters in planting and sowing. Many millions of dollars may now be saved by regulating crops by expected cropweather.

We can not always tell every one just when and how much rain will fall on his potato patch but we can assure great advantage in a general way in planting and sowing in accord with these calculations.

Winter wheat comes first. Farmers are requested to write us at Washington, D. C. giving a short description as to the amount and time of year that moisture is necessary to make a Winter wheat crop in their section. The same is requested as to the Spring wheat crop. Then in reference to corn and oats.

An Improper Subject.

On a recent Sunday afternoon at a large sanitorium devoted entirely to treating tuberculosis, a young Methodist minister was preaching to the assembled patients, nurses and doctors. In a most vivid manner he was describing the great peace, contentment and happiness to be had in the world to come. Suddenly one of the patients, a girl of about 20 years of age, burst out crying.

"What is the matter?" was the general chorus, as the rest crowded around her.

"Oh," she sobbed, "I wish he would stop talking about heaven, I am here paying $18 a week just to keep out of that place."—Life.

"Your dog has bitten chunks out of my leg twice now."

"Do not be angry," urged the girl. "I am in hopes that he will like you."

"How many samples does he need before he makes up his mind?" Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Here's where I get in the push," remarked the proud young father as he bought his first baby coach.—Philadelphia Record.

High Temperature.

The Tatler tells the story of an old Scotchman whose wit was edged with pessimism. One morning he met her gate a neighbor whose husband was seriously ill.

"And hoo's yer husband this morning, Mrs. Tamson?" he asked, solicitously.

"Oh, he's awful bad! The doctor said his temperature has gone to 150."

"Nae, nae, you've made mistake! Sandy's temperature could never be as meekle as 150—at least, not in this world," he added, as an afterthought. —Youth's Companion.

A man who says Friday is his lucky day can't claim that he is not superstitious. He has simply thrown in the reverse clutch.—Washington Star.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, JULY 1914

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Morn	Water Eve
18 Sat	4 23	7 19	mo'n	3 57	4 11
19 Sun	4 24	7 19	11 55	4 46	4 58
20 Mon	4 24	7 18	11 28	5 33	5 45
21 Tues	4 25	7 17	9 24	6 18	6 31
22 Wed	4 26	7 16	sets	7 02	7 16
23 Thur	4 27	7 15	7 53	7 46	8 01
24 Fri	4 28	7 14	8 21	8 30	8 47

Full Moon, July 7 9.00m, Morning
Moon's last qr. July 15 2.52m, Morning
New Moon July 21 9.33m, Evening
Moon's 1st qr. July 29 6.59m, Evening

Deaths.

In this city, 14th inst., James F. Sulli van Chief Machinist's Mate, U. S. N., retired.

In this city, 16th inst., suddenly, Chester H., son of Emerson T. and Sarah A. Wood, in his 2d year.

In this city, 16th inst., Russell Minor Boole, in his 57th year.

In Portsmouth, 15th inst., Esther wife of Josiah Wagstaff, in her 65th year.

In Memphis, Tenn., 12th inst., Thomas R. Spencer, formerly of this city, in his 61st year.

In Providence, 16th inst., Amanda E. widow of George W. Davis, in her 77th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

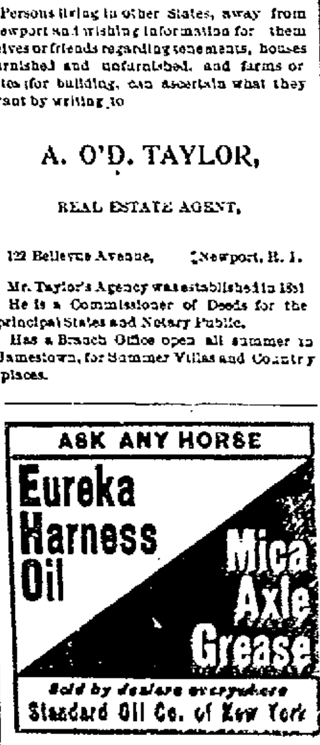
Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding tenements, houses furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

122 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1851
He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.
Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.



NEW PRESIDENT RULES MEXICO

Carbajal Sworn Into Office When Dictator Huerta Resigns

WAY NOW CLEAR FOR REBELS

Entry Into Capital Not Likely to Be Contested—"Man of Iron" Remains Behind While His Family and Members of His Cabinet Flee Toward Foreign Lands For Safety

Francisco Carbajal is now provisional president of Mexico, and Victoriano Huerta is out.

General Huerta presented his resignation as president of the republic to the chamber of deputies through the department of foreign relations.

Photo by American Press Association.
PRESIDENT CARBAJAL

The resignation was referred to a committee after it had been read. It was reported favorably by the committee and then accepted by the chamber by a vote of 121 to 17.

The galleries were filled with deputies and spectators, who cheered the dictator, and continuous shouts of "Viva Huerta" filled the air.

Francisco Carbajal, formerly foreign minister in Huerta's cabinet, took the oath of office as president of Mexico before the assembled deputies and senators. The new executive then went to the national palace, escorted by the presidential guards. He was cheered lustily by the people along the way.

Huerta's family and the families of most of his cabinet members as well as the members themselves have left the capital and are speeding toward the coast to seek safety in foreign lands.

Huerta was born to wealth. Unlike Diaz, who is of plebeian origin, a mongrel, mostly Indian, Huerta comes of one of the most aristocratic families in Mexico.

Huerta took oath as provisional president of Mexico Feb. 19, 1913, the day after Francisco I. Madero had been arrested at the national palace. Three days later Madero and Vice President Suarez were shot to death on a midnight ride, under guard, from the palace to the penitentiary. The manner of their death has never been satisfactorily explained.

The republic was at once plunged into civil war again, notwithstanding the issuance by Huerta of a proclamation of general amnesty. The Sonora state congress officially repudiated the provisional government before Huerta had settled himself comfortably in the presidential chair and his difficulties have rapidly multiplied ever since.

WILL SEIZE FOSS LAND

Boston Street Commissioners Given Order by Mayor Curley

Mayor Curley of Boston ordered the seizure by right of eminent domain of property owned by former Governor Foss directly before the Forsyth Dental infirmary in the Fenway.

This step on the part of the mayor is the result of a long controversy between him and the former governor. According to Curley, Foss is planning to sell the property to apartment house builders who will construct on the land huge brick buildings that will shut out light and air from the dental buildings.

The land is assessed at $140,000. Curley offered to buy it at its assessed value. According to the mayor Foss refused this price, but declared he would give the city thirty days' option on the land if he could sell it for $167,000. This the mayor declared exorbitant.

The Forsyth Dental infirmary cost about $3,000,000 and is for the benefit of the children of the city.

THREE GIRLS DROWN

Patients In State Tuberculosis Camp Disobeyed Instructions

Three girls, patients at the state tuberculosis camp at Westfield, Mass., were drowned while in bathing in the Westfield river in company with about twenty other patients.

The drowned were Fannie Gold, [illegible] Bella D. Steinberg, 16, and Anna E. Linehan, 12.

According to the officials of the sanitarium, the girls slipped away from their nurses and went into the water, from which they had been [illegible] told to keep away. They [illegible] drowned [illegible] a short distance [illegible] shore and went down so quickly [illegible] the nurses could not get to them [illegible] time.

MRS. CARMAN IS INDICTED

Arraignment on Manslaughter Charge Is Delayed

SURE OF FREEDOM ON BAIL

Accused Woman and Husband Reject Proposal to Enter Plea of Guilty and Tell Story of Domestic Troubles With Hint That Case Might Be Filed by District Attorney

Florence Carman was indicted for manslaughter in the first degree by the Nassau county, N. Y., grand jury, sitting at Mineola. The jury reached a decision after two hours' deliberation.

The original plan was to present the indictment at once, but after a telephone communication with Supreme Court Justice Van Siclen at Jamaica it was learned that he could not reach Mineola to receive the jury's findings, so the formal presentment will not be made until this afternoon.

Mrs. Carman will be arraigned immediately afterward and will plead not guilty. Her trial will be fixed for the September sitting of the supreme court at Mineola. Her counsel will straightway ask for her liberty under bail, and unless present indications miscarry, the request will be granted.

An effort was made to get Mrs. Carman to agree to plead guilty to the charge of manslaughter, and tell the entire story of her family differences, with the hint that the district attorney might consent to put her case on file without sentence.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Carman refused to agree to the proposal, on the ground that Mrs. Carman could not plead guilty to a crime she did not commit.

Manslaughter in the first degree is punishable by imprisonment for a term of not exceeding twenty years. It will be possible, however, for the jury that tries her to bring in a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree. Such a crime is punishable by imprisonment for a term not exceeding fifteen years or a fine not exceeding $1000.

It is pretty certain that Mrs. Carman will be back in her home this evening and to all intents and purposes a free woman. The indictment has not ruffled her composure any more than did the ordeal of testifying at the coroner's inquest. But Carman is apparently on the verge of breaking down.

There is no doubt but that news of the indictment was a shock to Mrs. Carman. She had not expected it. Her husband had repeatedly told her she would be set free, and her lawyer had said the same thing.

OPEN SHOP PACT UPHELD

Hat Company Must Pay For Withdrawing From Association

The right of the Associated Hat Manufacturers to compel, under its by-laws, its members to stand together during labor troubles and in effect to live up to an "open shop" agreement if the organization votes in favor of such, is upheld by the supreme court of errors of Connecticut.

The ruling was handed down in the case of the Associated Hat Manufacturers against the Baird-Untiedt company of Bethel, which went to that tribunal from the superior court on reservation, and was in the nature of a test case. The supreme court decided in favor of the plaintiff for $5000, with interest from July 14, 1909.

THE NEVADA LAUNCHED

Event Is Witnessed by Secretary Daniels and Other Officials

The battleship Nevada, Uncle Sam's newest warship, was launched at the Fore River shipyard at Quincy, Mass. Secretary of the Navy Daniels and several officials were present.

Miss Eleanor A. Seibert, the 19-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Seibert of Reno, Nev., christened the vessel by breaking a bottle of wine over its bow as it slipped into the water. Miss Seibert is a niece of Governor Oddie of Nevada. Oddie and a number of prominent men from his state were present at the launching.

CAUGHT IN NEW JERSEY

Man and Woman Wanted For Salem Murder Are Arrested

Mrs. Virginia Barletto and Caetano Givalo, both charged with murder of Mrs. Barletto's husband, Gaetano Barletto of Beverly, Mass., were captured at Princeton, N. J.

The two were trailed to New Jersey through a letter Givalo wrote his wife here. Patrolman Welch and a state officer have been in pursuit.

The Barlettos boarded with the Givalos. On July 9 Barletto was found stabbed to death in Foster's Grove, Montserrat.

EIGHT YEARS FOR SARGENT

Forger Admits He Is One For Whom Boston Police Hunted

Elbert Sargent of Medford, Mass., was sentenced at Philadelphia to from six to eight years in the Eastern penitentiary for obtaining $25,000 worth of bonds from a Philadelphia brokerage firm by forging a check [illegible].

Since his arrest a month ago Sargent has made every effort to conceal his identity. He admitted his real name yesterday and confessed he had a wife and child in Medford.

When Sargent is released from the Eastern penitentiary he will be turned over to the Boston authorities.

AMERICAN FOULS IN THE SIXTH

White Heavyweight Championship Goes to Carpentier

George Carpentier, heavyweight champion of Europe, won a decision over "Gunboat" Smith, white heavyweight champion of America, on a foul at London. The fight was scheduled for twenty rounds. The foul occurred in the sixth round.

The fight was for the world's white heavyweight championship, the winner to have a claim on the world's championship if Jack Johnson should refuse to meet him. Thousands crowded about the arena unable to get seats in the building when the great battle was staged.

HORACE LURTON DEAD

Supreme Court Justice Is Stricken With Heart Disease

Associate Justice Horace H. Lurton of the United States supreme court died suddenly at a hotel at Atlantic City, N. J., from heart failure superinduced by cardiac asthma. He was 70 years old and leaves a widow and two children.

Photo by American Press Association.

HORACE H. LURTON

President Cleveland appointed him judge of the Sixth judicial circuit of the United States in 1893. When the vacancy on the supreme court occurred in 1909, President Taft appointed him to the post. He took office on Jan. 3, 1910, being the fourth confederate soldier to become a member of the country's highest court.

BLIND FOR TEN YEARS

Woman's Sight Suddenly Restored by Flash of Lightning

Mrs. Amelia F. Haines, 84, who has been blind for ten years, regained the full sight of both eyes during an electrical storm at Camden, N. J.

She was sitting at a window when a flash of lightning struck her, cutting out a perfect half inch V down to the centre of each lens of the black glasses she wore. Her nephew, Frank Alcott, found her unconscious by the window. When doctors revived her she was able to see.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Washington police declare ten capital boys, from 17 to 22, organized a "burglary gang" for systematic operations in the suburbs.

An offer of $10,000 for Outfielder "Happy" Felch was received at Milwaukee from the New York Giants.

Gabriel d'Annunzio, the Italian poet, who has been slowly recovering from a serious illness, has suffered a relapse.

The British tennis team which will try to lift the Davis cup, now held in the United States, sailed from London for New York.

New Haven stock made a new low record for all time, going to 49¾ in New York and 49⅞ in Boston.

John H. Clark of Cleveland was nominated by President Wilson to be federal district judge for northern Ohio, in succession to William L. Day, resigned.

Parisians were thrilled when twenty military aeroplanes rose at the far end of the Longchamps race course and in perfect alignment of four flew at full speed past the grand stand.

The battle of the Boyne was commemorated in Ireland with tremendous enthusiasm. But there was a more noticeable absence of disorder than on past occasions of this kind.

The Elks, at their annual convention at Denver, elected as grand exalted ruler, Raymond Benjamin of Napa, Cal.

To employes who have worked for from two to ten years, a Washington street car company distributed annual bonuses of $18,000 as "longevity" rewards.

Unusual precautions are being taken by the quarantine authorities to guard New York against the bubonic plague.

Protecting Hub From Fire

More than seven miles of new water mains have been installed for the better fire protection of Boston since Feb. 1, it was reported to Mayor Curley by Commissioner Rourke of the public works.

Sore Throats Traced to Milk

Septic sore throats and other diseases are being spread in Boston by contaminated milk, reports Dr. Mahoney of the Boston board of health.

OLD DIRECTORS HELD CRIMINAL

Sensational Report on New Haven Road's Affairs

SUBMITTED FOR PROSECUTION

Commerce Board Finds Loss of Between $60,000,0000 and $90,000,000 by Reason of Waste and Mismanagement—Present Board Aided the Government Inquiry

"Criminal negligence and one of the most glaring instances of mal-administration revealed in all the history of American railroading," is the interstate commerce commission's characterization in its findings in the investigation of the New Haven railroad's financial affairs reported to the senate.

In a report of 30,000 words, probably the most drastic in terms of any made by the commission, the New Haven's directors were pronounced "criminally negligent." Evidence pointing to violation of law has been transmitted to district attorneys in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York and the federal department of justice.

"A reasonable estimate of the loss to the New Haven by reason of waste and mismanagement," says the report, "will amount to between $60,000,000 and $90,000,000. Directors should be made individually liable to civil and criminal laws for the manner in which they discharge their trust."

All the commission's strictures were upon the management of the New Haven system under former President Mellen.

In justice to the present management, the commission says, it is but fair to say that Chairman Elliott and Walter D. Hines, special counsel, "have co-operated with the commission and rendered it substantial assistance throughout the investigation."

That the monopoly theory of the New Haven road was unsound and mischievous, that its directors were "criminally negligent," and that a substantial part of the stockholders' money was wasted and can be recovered are the high spots in the report.

The commission declares the New Haven directors consciously violated the federal anti-monopoly laws.

No attempt was made to fix the responsibility for the New Haven transactions as between President Mellen and J. P. Morgan, but the report condemned the "control" generally.

It is up to the department of justice to act upon the commission's findings that the New Haven directors were criminally responsible in the New Haven transactions, an interstate commerce commission official stated.

Chief Counsel Folk, who conducted the New Haven inquiry, said the report made the directors directly responsible for more than $67,000,000. The commission put the matter squarely up to the department of justice for action by furnishing it with the complete record of the testimony.

In arraigning the directors the commission said:

"If these directors who were faithless to their stewardship were held responsible in the courts and at the bar of public opinion for the failure to do those things they should have done, the lesson to directors who do not direct would be very salutary."

That the directors should be held responsible for the Westchester, steamship, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts trolleys and other transactions was declared.

REFUGEES ARE DOING WELL

Period of Acute Distress at Salem Appears to Have Passed

There is no longer acute distress in Salem, Mass. It is planned to abolish the bread line within ten days, the refugee camps in two weeks.

According to the rehabilitation officers nearly all worthy fire sufferers are now self-supporting. Others appear awaiting complete reimbursement for their fire loss before attempting working for a new start.

Requests for stoves, bedding, food and a few chairs and a table with which to set up housekeeping are now comparatively few.

The relief fund was augmented by $10,000, the gift of John D. Rockefeller. The report of Gardiner M. Lane, treasurer of the relief committee, shows a total of $504,810.66.

THE BALLOU INQUEST

Again Postponed by Coroner For "Public Reasons" Not Stated

The inquest into the death of Waldo R. Ballou at Stamford, Conn., was again continued until July 20 by Coroner Phelan.

The cause of the continuance as given out was that the analysist, Dr. Weaver, had not fully completed the examination of the supposed bloodstains found in the apartments of Mrs. Helen M. Angle and "other public reasons." The other reasons were not specified.

Death of Tenth Fire Victim

The death list of the Armenian lodging house fire of June 16 at Milford, Mass., swelled to ten when Simon Kalijian died of his burns.

Man and Boy Drown

John H. Murphy, 23, and Joseph Martin-Keclez, 10, drowned in Little river at Haverhill, Mass., Murphy attempted to swim across, carrying the boy on his back. He was seized with cramps.

Max Rooses, a world-renowned authority on Rubens and the Flemish painters, died at Antwerp.

SIX ARE KILLED AS TRAIN HITS WAGON

Tragedy Ends Day For Sunday School Picnic Party

Six young persons were killed in a collision between an omnibus and a freight train on a grade crossing at North Rochester, N. H. It was the tragic ending of a picnic of the Baptist Sunday school at East Rochester.

The party of young folk were singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," as the wagon rumbled down the road toward the tracks and the voices drowned out the noise of the train. The list of dead is:

Leona Blaisdell, 16, daughter of Harry Blaisdell; Muriel Blaisdell, 11, sister of Leona; Edith Blaisdell, 14, daughter of George Blaisdell; Helen Andrews, 16, adopted daughter of William Blaisdell; Ruth Libbey, 16, daughter of John Libbey; Eddie Devaney, 16, of Blackington, Mass.

MAY BE MURDER VICTIM

Body of Woman Found in Water in a Boston Suburb

Mystery surrounding the identity of a smartly-dressed woman found dead in the water at Winthrop, Mass., was cleared up when she was identified as one who had given her name as Viola P. Walton to a private at Fort Heath.

Whether she was murdered or met death by accident is still a question, but the bruises on her forehead and cheek were made before death, and death was by drowning, according to Medical Examiner Leary. "It looks like a murder," said Leary after the autopsy.

The fact that all the identification marks, maker's name, etc., on her clothing had been removed, apparently with a penknife, and that her undergarments were torn and discolored, adds to the murder theory.

WILL NOT RUN AGAIN

Bird Declines to Become Bull Moose Candidate For Governor

Charles S. Bird will not be a candidate for governor of Massachusetts on the Bull Moose ticket this fall. He said so at a meeting of the Progressive state committee.

Bird's refusal to run disappointed Bull Moosers throughout the state. He said he preferred to work for the success of the party in the ranks after having "twice borne the standard and twice gone down to defeat."

"Personal reasons, strong and insistent, which I cannot ignore, have prompted me to reach this decision," he said.

AN UNUSUAL ROMANCE

Phillips Weds Ex-Wife of Stepson Following Double Divorce

Society people were given a surprise when they learned that Eben B. Phillips, member of the millionaire Phillips family of Swampscott, Mass., and Gertrude M. Phillips, divorced wife of the bridegroom's stepson, Harry F. Phillips, were secretly married and are now spending a honeymoon in the middle west.

The wedding is the sequel to a double divorce and two romantic courtships which the bride had with two members of the Phillips family. She is 25 years old and her husband is 40.

CHILDREN HAVE SMALLPOX

Three More Patients Are Taken to Marlboro Isolation Hospital

Three new cases of smallpox are reported at Marlboro, Mass., making a total of fourteen. The new cases are: Evelyn and Edna Sharon, aged 8 and 11 years, and the month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McCauley.

Dr. Moss of the state board of health declared the new cases smallpox, and ordered their removal to the isolation hospital.

NEW ENGLAND GLEANINGS

The Woburn, Mass., assessors announced that the tax rate for 1914 will be $26, an advance of $5.60 over that of last year.

Governor Walsh appointed John F. Meaney, his private secretary, to be a member of the Massachusetts public service commission, to succeed George W. Bishop.

Gardner M. Lane, treasurer of the state Salem relief fund, reports the fund has reached $530,325.27.

They have a motorcycle ward at the Beverly, Mass., hospital with three victims of accidents to motorcycle riders in cots all in a row.

dered his resignation.

John E. Murphy, 6, was struck by a laundry wagon in front of his home at Boston and died on the way to a hospital.

An automobile owned by J. K. Blessing of Syracuse, N. Y., struck and killed 5-year-old Jane Danforth near East Rupert, Vt.

The receipts from custom duties and miscellaneous sources at Boston for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914, showed a decrease of $8,859,465.07 over the receipts for last year.

STORSTAD IS BLAMED

Orders of Her Officers Caused the Empress of Ireland Disaster

The collier Storstad is held responsible for the sinking of the steamer Empress of Ireland in the St. Lawrence river and the loss of 1001 lives, in the investigating commission's report.

The accident is declared to have been due to the change of course ordered by the third officer without instructions from the first officer, who was in charge of the collier at the time.

NEWPORT BEACH.

Dancing Every Afternoon & Evening

FORDON AND SIMS IN EXHIBITION DANCES AT BOTH SESSIONS.

Admission Afternoons 10c.

Evenings, Gentlemen 25c., Ladies 15c.

Arrangements can be made with Mr. *Fordon for* private lessons.

SHORE DINNERS DAILY

From noon to 8.30

NEWPORT BEACH.

Where Does the Money Go?

After you have earned your money, doesn't it follow that you should know where it goes?

In making up your check, the stub which remains in the book can be made to show just what that money was spent for. So, by going through your check stubs, you know just where your money goes and what for.

Now, why not place the management of your household on this business basis? We are confident you will be well pleased with the results.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

Chafing Dishes

With an ALCOHOL LAMP you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

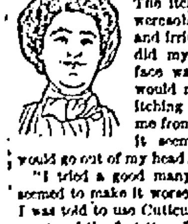
We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Mabel—I see Charlie has his hand in a sling.
Mark—Yes, reckless driving.
Mabel—Auto?
Mark—No.
Mabel—Horse?
Mark—No, hammer.—Life.

FACE DISFIGURED WITH ECZEMA

Itching and Burning So Bad Scratched and Irritated. Could Not Rest. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Entirely Well.



Lock Box 264, Pittsfield, Me.—"My eczema broke out with a rash and was very red. It looked as though the blood was coming through the skin. The itching and burning were so bad that I scratched and irritated it until they did my hands up. My face was disfigured so I would not be seen. The itching and burning kept me from rest at night and it seemed as though I would go out of my head.

"I tried a good many things and they seemed to make it worse instead of better. I was told to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment and the first time I used them I went to bed and had a good night's sleep. I put the Ointment on nights before going to bed and used the Soap to wash with. I was entirely well in two weeks and I have not been troubled with eczema since." (Signed) Mrs. Leigh B. Trafton, Mar. 20, 1914.

Samples Free by Mail

It is so easy to get rid of skin troubles by using Cuticura Soap exclusively and a little Cuticura Ointment occasionally that it is a pity not to do so in all cases of pimples, redness, roughness, itchings and irritations. A single set is often sufficient when all else fails. Although Cuticura Soap (25c.) and Cuticura Ointment (50c.) are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each with 32-p. Skin Book will be sent free upon request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

RHODE ISLAND.

STATE COLLEGE.

FOUR-YEAR COURSES (B. S. Degree) in

Agriculture
Engineering
Home Economics
Applied Science

SHORT COURSES (for students eighteen years of age and over) in

Agriculture
Home Economics

Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. No tuition to residents of the state. Board and room at cost.

New Science Hall to use this year. Write for catalogue and illustrated booklet or visit the college at Kingston. Nineteen trains daily.

A great opportunity for the young men and young women of Rhode Island.

Address REGISTRAR, Kingston, R. I.

Notice Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE H. WELLINGTON, Clerk.

SITUATION WANTED by gardener. (Private place.) First class recommendations. Five years in Rhode Island. Age 41, married, one child. Abstainer. Twenty years extensive experience. Fruit and flowers, hardy and underglass. Vegetables etc.

Address W. H. Hoyt, Peace Dale.

A NIGHT OF TERROR

Peculiar Experience With a Deadly Mexican Tarantula.

PENNED IN A DARK BEDROOM.

The Trying Ordeal Through Which a Woman Tourist Passed In a Hotel at Vera Cruz—Awaiting the Bite That Meant Madness and Then Death.

The tarantula is much larger in Mexico than in Italy. His four pairs of fuzzy legs, his speckled bulging belly, his abnormally fat head, armed with vicious nippers and equipped with eight eyes arranged in transverse rows, suffice to fill you with a wholesome desire to give him the right of way without ado.

Owing to the fact that he has an unwelcome habit of leaving his own realm in the tropical vines to make sociably little visitations to the corners of your bedroom it had always been my custom to search every nook and crevice of my sleeping room before retiring for the night. Twice had I seen native laborers, peons, in the agony of death due to a tarantula bite. So it was not surprising that this creeping thing headed my list of the many dangers to be shunned in Mexico.

I had just reached Vera Cruz from Mexico City, very tired, and decided to seek my room early in the evening, which, indeed, is the only safe and proper thing for an unaccompanied woman in Mexico to do. That part of the diligencias in which my room was located was evidently undergoing repairs, for a pile of timbers was included in the furnishing of my apartments.

No particular reason occurred to me why I should investigate this lumber, and, little realizing that it might shelter lurking danger, I flung my weary head on the dirty pillow. But as I lay quietly dozing off to sleep I suddenly heard a soft little noise, which one might describe as a cross between a hum and a hiss.

As a precaution against the many venomous things that creep and crawl even in the well beaten paths of Mexico I had made a careful study of the arachnids, to which class the tarantulas belong. I recognized that soft unostentatious warning that announced a roommate as undesirable as one could well wish.

Cautiously I stretched out my hand to see if by chance there were some matches on the little stand near my bed, with the result that I knocked the unlighted candle upon the floor. That was enough for my mettlesome roommate; he had been personally insulted by the noise, and suddenly in the utter darkness, that black stillness which one feels in a strange room, I detected a sickening odor, the warning of the angry tarantula.

I strained my ears to detect the soft, characteristic click that the male, the deadliest of the species, employs as a fancy frill to his malicious song. My blood chilled as I heard his muffled hum-click, hum-click, hum—apparently not three feet away. I held my breath, incidentally my nose, and lay wondering how long it would be ere I should feel his big fuzzy feet sneaking up the side of my neck or before his soft woolly body would light upon my face. It was not at all comforting to remember that one of a tarantula's eccentricities is to find his way to a point on the ceiling directly over the object of his anger and then to drop unceremoniously upon his victim.

It was the only time in my life when I longed for the bliss of ignorance. Would to heaven I had not studied this hideous horror of the tropics! But I had. Moreover, I had seen the awful effects of his worse than fatal bite, whose work of destruction was merciflessly long drawn out.

If the bite of a male tarantula infects a large artery it throws the victim into a dreadful state of crazed nerves. The incipient stages of the poisoning are accompanied by accentuated melancholia, followed by a shattering of the mentality. On gradually absorbing the venom the unfortunate subject reels and raves in a mad whirl until he swoons from pure exhaustion. The tarantella, the graceful Italian dance so often described in musical literature, derives its name from this hideous poisoning.

All this and more darted through my mind as I lay there in the darkness wondering if I, too, were doomed to die like a dervish. As the night wore on the buzzing grew less seldom. I lay motionless during the thousand years till dawn, which came at last, a divinely soft, blue, shimmering shaft of light, which made things faintly visible. Cautiously I drew myself up to a sitting posture and craned my neck in a searching survey about my chamber of horrors.

There, in torture worse than mine, hung my roommate, four of his legs pinioned beneath the timbers. There he sprawled, a maimed but angry prisoner. His eight eyes winked me a militant "Good morning," and I forthwith returned the compliment with the slender shaft of my hatpin.—New York Sun.

The Easiest Way.

"I want the wages of a man; that's all I'm asking," said the "Votes For Women" orator.

"Then," said a man as he arose to speak, "I contend it isn't a vote that the lady wants. All she has to do is to get married."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Prefer loss before unjust gain, for that brings grief but once; this forever.—Child.

The Only Difficulty.

"The world owes me a living."

"That's all right, old man, as long as you can get somebody to stake you while you are trying to collect the bill."—Boston Herald.

If you will not hear Reason she will surely rap your knuckles.—Franklin.

OUR BATTLESHIP MASTS.

Perilous Perches For Range Finders Strapped to Their Tops.

A smudge of smoke on the horizon, then two skeleton towers of steel latticework just above the sky line.

A battleship! A United States battleship!

Why? Because United States battleships are the only ones that have masts of latticed steel tubing—towers that look as if they were meant to train crimson rambler roses and a hundred or more feet high.

Fighting tops are obsolete in the United States navy. The men who occupy the nests at the top of the masts nowadays are unarmed. Their sole usefulness to the ship consists in finding the range for the gunners down below.

The towers are made of the latticed steel so they will remain upright although riddled with shots from an enemy's ship. Shells may pass through the network of tubing until every strand is severed and still the tower will stand.

The old style steel masts with a single support could be cut in two and sent crashing to the deck with a single shot from the enemy's gun. The new masts are used as wireless towers and for searchlights and signal platforms as well as for range finding.

The range finders, usually three men, pass canvas belts around themselves in action. Otherwise they might be thrown far aboard by some sudden lurch. The top of the "wastebasket" mast is like the lower end of a clock pendulum when it comes to swaying. The ship leans over just a foot or two maybe, the mast six or a dozen feet.

When the guns are firing below the concussion sets the steel tubes vibrating like a suspension bridge with a crowd crossing. Sometimes the vibration is so strong that the range finders can't work. Then the guns are stilled for a minute.—Kansas City Star.

ELBA AND ST. HELENA.

Napoleon's Comic Opera Empire and His Grim Island Prison.

An "empire" eighteen miles in length and twelve miles in extreme width, such is the Mediterranean isle of Elba, to which Napoleon was consigned by the victorious allies and where he received the homage of his new subjects. Elba, long a place of pilgrimage for tourists from all nations, lives chiefly in the memories of that ten months of comic opera, when the man who had all but mastered Europe aped his vanished royalty and, like a child with a new toy, issued foolish decrees which began, "Napoleon, emperor, sovereign of Elba, to his people."

Utterly devoid of a sense of humor the emperor must have been to take his new position so seriously. It was a huge joke that the powers played upon the Corsican by permitting him to retain the title of emperor and awarding him a "kingdom" that placed him on the same footing with the sultan of Sulu and the king of the Cannibal Isles.

If Napoleon had remained there he would doubtless have become what his enemies intended he should become—an object of derision, the butt of the world's sneers and jeers. But he did not stay, and the glory of the "hundred days," the brave carnage of Waterloo, the culminating tragedy of St. Helena, restored Napoleon to a place among the world's heroes.

St. Helena was grim and terrible. There humanity pictures Napoleon "with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea"—a caged lion, feared by all the world. Elba was trifling, pitiful, petty, insignificant, and there Napoleon was a caged monkey to be laughed at.—New York World.

A Caustic Critic.

The Paris critic Martin once only had taken his chocolate in a place other than the Cafe Foy, and he then found it not good. This happened at the Regence, and the young woman at the desk, to whom he expressed his displeasure, said: "You are the only one to complain. All of the gentlemen of the court who come here find it good."

"They also say, perhaps, that you are pretty," he replied slowly.

How to Win Beauty.

Full of good common sense is the suggestion in the Journal of the American Medical association on how to be beautiful. "For giving the face a good color," the expert says, "get one pot of rouge and one rabbit's foot. Bury them two miles from home and walk out and back once a day to see if they are still there."

Careless Mistress.

"Mary, why didn't you sound the dinner gong?"

"Please, 'm, I couldn't find it."

"Why, there it is lying on the hall table!"

"Please, 'm, you said this morning that was the breakfast gong."—London Sketch.

Compensation.

"I must have an iron bedstead," declared a tourist at an inn.

"Sir," answered Boniface, "I am sorry there ain't a single iron bedstead in the 'ouse. But you will find the mattresses very nice and 'ard, sir!"—London Tit-Bits.

Real Trouble.

Knicker—What is the matter with Jones? Bocker—He has made so many excuses for being out late that now he has to make excuses for being home early.—Woman's Home Companion.

It is sometimes expedient to forget what you know.—Syrus.

At the Game.

She (facetiously)—Foul! I don't see any feathers. He—Well, you could hardly expect to in this game, you know. These are picked birds.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ungraciousness in rendering a kindness, like a hoarse voice, mars the music of the song.—Feltham.

DO YOU USE FACE POWDER?

If You Do Be Careful to Keep It From Getting In Your Eyes.

Face powder has its dangers the same as gunpowder. For several years occasional cases have come under the observation of oculists in which the patients, invariably women, complain of vision being blurred, inability to use the eyes for any length of time and severe itching of the lids. The slightest rubbing of the lids produces a marked redness of the eyes and only aggravates the itching. In severe cases the lids are frequently swollen from constant rubbing. There is a sticky, elastic secretion which, when being removed, pulls out in long strings.

Microscopic examination of the secretion reveals masses of what appear to be crystals. Until recently no satisfactory explanation of the presence of these crystals in the eye has been given. Secretions taken from the eyes of two sisters suffering from this peculiar complaint were submitted to the professor of pathology of one of the university medical schools, who found that the crystals came from face powder. Seven other patients in which the same symptoms and microscopic conditions were found all used face powder.

When the powder is applied to the face with a puff a part of the fine dust is driven upward and lodges on the moist eyeball. The powder in the presence of the tears then becomes mucilaginous in character and is not washed from under the eyelids. The powder produces the irritation, which is aggravated by rubbing. Those who use a chamois skin in applying the powder are less liable to cause the fine dust to arise, which probably accounts for the condition not being found in every woman using face powder. The condition is quickly relieved by flushing the eye with boric acid solution. The irritation rapidly disappears when the eyes are kept washed out with a soothing eye wash.—From Journal of the American Medical Association.

TIME IN PALESTINE.

It Is So Erratic That Making a Train Is Quite a Feat.

In Jerusalem town time and train time are different, forty minutes different, and both are variable. Train officials say the train leaves for Jaffa at 6:40 o'clock in the morning, but 6:40 o'clock by train time is 7:20 o'clock by town time. One morning when we were starting for Egypt we ordered our carriage for 7 o'clock. Arriving at the station at 7:15 o'clock, we found the train gone and the station empty. At last was routed out an official.

"Where's the train?" we demanded.

"Gone, messieurs."

"Gone? You've changed the hour of the train, then?"

"Non, non, messieurs. The train leaves at the same hour always, but the time has changed. Yesterday 6:40 o'clock train time was 7:20 o'clock town time. Today 6:40 o'clock train time is 7 o'clock town time. No, no"—and he smiled patronizingly—"the train always leaves at the same hour; our trains never change—it is the time that alters itself, not the train, messieurs!"

We sought the telegraph office.

"To the steamer agent to Jaffa," we dictated. "Missed train. Cancel passage on boat for Egypt. Wire date of next sailing for Port Said." This was turned into flowery Turkish and sent. A reply came soon.

"Plenty of time. Your boat will wait till tomorrow afternoon, for the water is so rough she cannot land her passengers and cargo today. Plenty of time if you take the train tomorrow."—Atlantic Monthly.

Impudent Thieves.

The leperos of Mexico is reported to be one of the smartest and most impudent thieves in the world. Brantz Meyer tells of an English traveler, who, within an hour or two, in the principal streets of Mexico, had first his hat hooked from his head by a line from an upper window, and was then accosted by three leperos who divested him of his coat. The three bade him wait, and within a few minutes one returned and handed him a pawn ticket.

"We wanted $30, not the coat," he explained. "Here is the ticket with which you can redeem it for that sum."—London Mail.

Surprise For Both.

John Burns once paid a visit to a London lunatic asylum. He was taken all over the establishment, and finally arrived at the gardens, where a number of patients were working. Mr. Burns espied among them a man with whom he had some slight acquaintance and was about to speak to him when the lunatic suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, I never! You, too! The very last person I thought to see here."—London Citizen.

Use For His Photograph.

Miss Wyse—And I may really keep this photograph of you, Mr. Simkins? Simpkins (flattered)—Delighted, I'm sure! Miss Wyse (later to her maid)—Marie, take this photograph and whenever the original of it calls tell him I'm not in.—Boston Transcript.

Facing the Problem.

Father—What! You want to marry my daughter? Why, sir, you can't support her. I can hardly do it myself. Suitor (blankly)—Can't we chip in together?—London Opinion.

Suitable Match.

"That girl has shocking ways!"

"Maybe that's the reason she married an electrician."—Baltimore American.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

SECRET OF THE PARIS HAT.

The Magic but Deadly Needle That Holds Its Spirit.

An American milliner seeking to learn what it is that makes the Paris hat so bewitching sought work in Paris and found it easily enough in one of the largest exporting houses, a name to conjure with. One afternoon saw her seated upon a bench with gay, chattering companions who radiated joy and sparkle on every side of her. Deft fingers flew, with chattering tongues, confusing her by the bewildering creations called into being with breathless haste.

When night came the loneliness she dreaded did not come, so filled was her solitude by thoughts of all she had seen and heard, and so hard did her brain work to digest all the wonders. Would she, could she, in two months grasp the "something" and take it home to America, and in so doing reach another stepping stone in her career? The following morning found her seated upon her assigned bench. She had been told to come at 8 o'clock, and every clock and watch said 8—but she was alone. In half an hour her companions of yesterday began to stray in casually, dull of eye and listlessly they came. No bubbling laugh, no gay chatter filled the room, and what was more surprising, no work was attempted. Some great calamity must have occurred! The whole nation must be suffering death and facing calamity. Questions failed to bring forth answers, and the puzzle grew. Were all her dreams to vanish with the night? The "house" must have failed was her final thought.

Around 10 or 11 o'clock the party broke up for dejeuner, and with their return came a breath of the spirit of the afternoon before. Increasing gayety and brilliant ideas grew with the hours, and the wonder of it was more and more inexplicable. The mornings were one long torture, the afternoons a joy. One day all was revealed. A tiny hypodermic needle filled with the stuff that dreams are made of is the spirit of the Paris hat!

The workers until sufficiently "doped" cannot work, cannot produce, and listlessly like the morning hours till hypodermic needle and absinth create the gay, chattering designer, who brings forth the joy giving Paris hat.—Jessie Bekes in National Magazine.

CLAY'S FIRST SPEECH.

It Began In Confusion, but Ended In a Brilliant Triumph.

Henry Clay as a young man was extremely bashful, although he possessed uncommon brightness of intellect and fascinating address, without effort making the little he knew pass for much more. In the early part of his career he settled in Lexington, Va., where he found the society most congenial, though the clients seemed somewhat recalcitrant to the young lawyer. He joined a debating society at length, but for several meetings he remained a silent listener.

One evening after a lengthy debate the subject was being put to a vote when Clay was heard to observe softly to a friend that the matter in question was by no means exhausted. He was at once asked to speak and after some hesitation rose to his feet. Finding himself thus unexpectedly confronted by an audience, he was covered with confusion and began, as he had frequently done, in imaginary appeals to the court, "Gentlemen of the jury."

A titter that ran through the audience only served to heighten his embarrassment, and the obnoxious phrase fell from his lips again. Then he gathered himself together and launched into a peroration so brilliantly lucid and impassioned that it carried the house by storm and laid the cornerstone to his future greatness, his first case coming to him as a result of this speech, which some consider the finest he ever made.

Knights Templars.

The name "Knights Templars" was first assumed by a semireligious, semimilitary order founded in the twelfth century for the commendable purpose of protecting the scattered and disbanded crusaders. At first they were merely Knights, but after they were assigned quarters at the palace in Jerusalem called Solomon's temple they became known as Knights of the Temple, or Knights Templars. The ancient order finally became so powerful that it was suppressed in the fourteenth century, and the continuity or identity of the modern with the ancient one of the same name has been warmly disputed.—Philadelphia Press.

Story of a Church Sign.

In New York city alone more than 150 electric signs are used by the churches. Perhaps the earliest illuminated church sign was a cross placed over St. Augustine chapel, in lower Manhattan, nearly forty years ago. Again and again Bowery mission and settlement house workers have met men and women who have testified that the flaming cross on St. Augustine's was the instrument that turned them from evil lives.

Dividing the Circle.

Ancient Chaldeans divided the circle into 360 equal parts because they thought that there are 360 days in a year. They could not prove that the earth turns on its axis 365.25431 times while going around the sun once.—New York American.

Her Choice.

"Can he sing well?"

"Well, I'll tell you. He offered to sing the baby to sleep the other night, and his wife said, 'No; let her keep on crying.'"—Cleveland Leader.

Forcing the Prophet.

"I can prophesy with certainty that you will become engaged this year."

"Oh, that is understood! But prophesy to me at once a husband."—Fliegende Blatter.

Obstinacy is a parasite, living either on a strong will or on great stupidity.

Wipe out the past, trust the future and live in a glorious now.—Towne.

KIDNAPING VOTERS.

Once a Regular Feature of Political Warfare In England.

In England a generation or two ago kidnaping was a regularly organized feature of political warfare. On the eve of an election especially men of influence on either side would mysteriously vanish to reappear later with strange tales of forcible seizures, mad races across country in post chaises driven by yelling postilions, followed by longer or shorter terms of gilded imprisonment in great mansions, where they were wined and dined in sumptuous style and treated right royally in every way, only their liberty being denied them.

Quite humble voters, too, were forcibly abducted, but these did not always fare quite so well. Thus one victim made complaint before a magistrate that he had been decoyed from his house by a ruse and kept shut up in a coal hole for three days.

Wholesale kidnaping of voters in batches, too, was not unknown, the process being rendered easier by the custom of candidates paying the traveling expenses of their electors to and from the polling places.

For instance, at a certain Newcastle election a whole shipload of freemen of the borough, dispatched from London by sea, were taken by the captain—who had been heavily bribed—to Ostend and there left stranded.

During the same contest, too, and under similar circumstances a number of Berwick electors who happened to reside in London were dumped down in Norway, and a group of dirty Ipswich voters found themselves on the day of the poll cooling their heels upon the quay at Rotterdam.—Pearson's Weekly.

MARRIAGE FAILURES.

Two Crises In Wedded Life That Are Mainly Responsible.

That there should be such involved discussion and so many amazingly contradictory theories about the cause of the failure of marriage is surprising.

The plain fact is that marriage is always the end of romance and the beginning of history. This is so true that Homer tells us the women of ancient Greece reckoned their ages not from the birth date, but from the wedding day. A good many husbands in this twentieth century are a good deal more certain about the number of years their wives have lived since marriage than about the summers and winters they had numbered before they became wives.

Failure to recognize the difference between romance and history causes failure of marriage. Romance is all play; history is a serious business. Courtship is pie; marriage is potatoes. The comedown from pie to potatoes sometimes overstrains matters seriously. But if this crisis is safely passed another awaits.

Love is the spice of life, but friendship is the nourishing food without which life, except to unusual individuals, becomes a burden. The marriage which is all spice and no food soon gives one or frequently both of the parties thereto acute indigestion. When the ecstatic emotions of the honeymoon have died, marriage must find some other subsistence or it cannot thrive. And the only satisfying food is friendship.—Mother's Magazine.

Trivial Causes of Wars.

A bucket was once the innocent cause of a terrible war. Nine centuries ago some soldiers of Modena stole a bucket as a joke from a public well at Bologna. When they refused to restore it scrimmaging commenced between the soldiers of the rival states, and a war ensued, which spread until it involved the greater part of Europe. In more recent times a debt of a few shillings of which the bey of Algiers demanded payment through the French consul led to a war which lasted twenty years, cost more than 500,000 lives and made Algeria a French possession.

SOUND BUSINESS MAXIMS.

Use Your Ability and Take No Stock In the Law of Chance.

Most men who have amounted to anything started with nothing but ability and determination, a combination which recognizes no man made limitations.

Any kind of work is better than idleness, which is directly responsible for most of the unhappiness in this world.

Idleness is a dangerous thing. It may grow into a habit that might stick to you after you get back in harness, and the man who loafs on his job is only fooling himself.

Eternal, intelligent effort is the price of commercial growth, and where there is no progression there is bound to be retrogression. Business is something like aeroplaning—to stop is to drop, and to drop is generally to bust.

If I had an enemy and wanted to get even with him I could wish him nothing worse than to land in a soft job and get the loafing habit. It would only be a question of time before he or the job petered out, and the longer he held on the worst off he'd be in the end, for there is a law of compensation which somehow or other makes us work in old age for the time we waste in youth or suffer if we can't make good.

Pin your faith to this law of compensation, but don't take any stock in the law of chance; there's no such thing. Waiting for something to turn up in the belief that things are bound to come your way eventually is throwing dice with fate. Many a good dog never got a decent bone until his teeth were gone.—Maurice Switzer in Leslie's.

With Credit Only.

"Did you occupy your last pulpit with credit?" inquired the church trustee.

"I certainly did," responded the applicant. "There was never any cash connected with it."—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE TOMB OF TUSITULA.

Samoan Natives Keep Stevenson's Grave Buried In Flowers.

It was in December, 1894, that Stevenson died at Vailima, near Apia, on the Island of Upolu, in the Samoan group. Lovers of this quaint character—the modern who was an ancient, the ancient who was a modern, the contemporary who became a classic because he translated new things into thoughts for all time—will be glad to know that since then he has slept in a distant grave, but not in a neglected one. For the natives of that island keep his tomb on the lonely mountainside fragrant with flowers. "The tomb of Tusitula," they call it—that was the great Scot's Samoan name.

Stevenson went to live in Samoa in 1887. He was a comparatively young man, but he had seen the vanities of the world, and, captivated by the climate, the scenery, and the kindly character of the natives, he at once determined to live out whatever space of life might remain to him in that fortunate island. And there he did live for seven years. Long ere he died he wrote his own epitaph, and that epitaph is graved on the brass tablet that was put there in 1895:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die
And lay me down with a will.
This be the verse that you grave for me:
"Here he lies where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TROGLODYTES OF TRIPOLI.

They Live Underground, Some of Them Never Seeing Daylight.

In the region of Gharian, in the hinterland of Tripoli, there is an inviable town with 7,000 inhabitants. This city of the Troglodytes was visited by Miss Ethel Braun and is described by her in her book, "The New Tripoli."

This city is excavated out of rock and earth. Its inhabitants live underground, some of them never coming to the surface. "The richer ones," writes Miss Braun, "are born in these dim dwellings, never leaving them until they are carried out to be buried." The rich families have, however, one reception room over the ground at a height of six or seven feet.

Describing the Troglodyte prison, Miss Braun tells of an Italian lady's experience while visiting the female prisoners.

"They had never seen a European woman before and asked her to take off her hat. No sooner had she done so that in a twinkling all her hairpins were pulled out, to be kept as souvenirs by the women, who looked upon them as most precious mementos."

The friendly Troglodytes made Arab tea for Miss Braun, "slui, as it is called, made with powdered tea and much, very much, sugar, so that it tastes just like a sirup," and they were very excited at the event of her visit.

Caring For the Piano.

One of those popular fellows who can sit down at a piano and play accompaniments to songs, even when the "music" is not forthcoming, happened to be in a little village recently when a concert was almost stuck through the pianist disappointing at the last minute. Our friend, says the Glasgow News, came to the rescue and got the company out of its difficulty, but inwardly he applied to the instrument adjectives which would shock even George Bernard Shaw. After the performance the caretaker (a "lady") was covering up for the night, and the player mentioned to her that the piano was very much in need of attention, but she scouted the idea. "Why," said she, "I went over it myself this morning and scrubbed every part of it, keys and all."

Her Candlestine Courtship.

The servant was discussing her latest love affair with a mistress, who was humane enough to be interested.

"Well," said the mistress, "since you've been going out with him for months, I think it's quite time he took you to see his parents."

"I've been telling him so, ma'am. Only last Sunday I said to him, 'Herbert, I'm not going to be courted in this candlestine way any longer.'"

It was some time, says the Manchester Guardian, before the mistress' puzzled brain understood that "candlestine" and "clandestine" were synonymous.

Love of the Forest.

The only way to love the forest is to stay in it until you have learned its pathless travel, growth and inhabitants as you know the fields. You must begin at the gate and find your way slowly, else you will not hear the great secret and see the compelling vision. There are trees you never before have seen, flowers and vines the botanists fail to mention and such music as your ears cannot hear elsewhere.—Gene Stratton Porter.

Deep Breathing.

"Learn to sit or stand erect and breathe deeply," says a health expert. "Remember that your blood cannot be properly washed with half a lungful of air any more than you can take a proper bath in a few pints of water." Everybody must know what a joy there is in the deep breathing of the pure air of the morning. The lungs respond to the stimulus much as the body reacts from a dash of cold water.—Columbia Dispatch.

Driven to It.

"Can you make me a bureau with a secret drawer?"

"Yep. Plans to hide a will, eh?"

"No; I just want to have a place where I can keep a few clothes. My wife's things occupy all the visible space."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Pleasant.

Child Visitor—Mrs. Jones, please can I go upstairs in your room and look in your closet? Hostess—Why, why, pe, what do you want in my closet? Child Visitor—I want to see the skeleton he says you've got there.—Baltimore American.

NEGOTIABLE PAPER

Bills of Exchange, Bank Checks and Promissory Notes.

IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES.

These Convenient Substitutes For Specie, Which May Pass From Hand to Hand as Readily as Coin, Differ Radically From Other Contracts.

We may speak truthfully of the strength of paper, yet how like a paradox it sounds! From childhood we have been accustomed to take frequent liberties with the flimsy material, to fold and rend it according to our lightest whim, and now to speak of it as strong! But strong it is, and the business world of America is bound into a cohesive whole by the fibers of millions of notes, checks and drafts which pledge the honor and credit of its citizens.

In this brief article we shall attempt to define three kinds of commercial paper—bills of exchange, promissory notes and bank checks—that are all business contracts. They are contracts, however, as to which business convenience decrees that the form shall be just as important as the substance.

If I am hiring Hogan the contractor to build my house and we fall out over our agreement the court will consider every possible point connected with the transaction in order to determine what our mutual intentions really were. But if I employ Hogan to do the work and give him a promissory note in payment of his services, our rights, so far as that note is concerned, are largely determined by the exact form in which I issued it, taken in connection of course with the subsequent indorsements—that is, whatever written additions were afterward made to it in the course of business.

The vital feature of bills of exchange—or drafts, as they are generally called—promissory notes and bank checks is their negotiability—that is to say, they are a special class of contracts which are so framed and so favored by the law that if certain rules are adhered to they can be passed from man to man quite as freely and far more conveniently than actual cash.

An ordinary contract may be assigned or transferred from one to another. Thus if I have agreed to furnish a large factory with knitting machines I may assign my right to be paid for doing so to Bogardus for a valuable consideration. Suppose, though, that I misrepresented some important feature of my knitting machines to the Success Textile company, which ordered them, and after I have transferred my rights in the contract to Bogardus they find it out. Under such circumstances the textile company can employ the defense of misrepresentation against Bogardus just as readily as they could against me, for he has simply stepped into my shoes and is in no better position than I would be had I remained a party to the contract.

Now, this is just where drafts, notes and bills, or, as they are often called collectively, negotiable instruments or commercial paper, differ radically from other contracts. While still in the hands of the original parties who gave them birth they are subject to any defenses which one may have against the other, so that if Curzon gives a promissory note for $100, due in sixty days, to Plaisted and then finds that through mutual dealings Plaisted really owes him $500 he may at the end of the sixty days refuse to pay Plaisted the note and demand instead $400 from him. Suppose, however, that Plaisted has meanwhile sold the note to Rangely, who knows nothing of his debt to Curzon, can Curzon still set off Plaisted's debt and refuse to pay Rangely the note? Undoubtedly he cannot do so.

Such a case illustrates the distinguishing characteristic of commercial paper. Like a bird which has flown from the parent nest, it is freed from any defenses which the original parties to it may have, just as soon as it has been purchased, in good faith and for a valuable consideration, by some third person.

In every other form of contract the rule is otherwise; land bears its burdens from owner to owner, the assigned mortgage conveys no better title to the purchaser than the assignor had to give; but for the purely practical reason that in trade there must be some convenient representative of specie, which may pass from hand to hand as readily as actual coin, a general agreement and strength of custom among merchants bred the three forms of credit paper—the bill of exchange, the promissory note and the bank check—all of which travel, in the words of a great jurist, as couriers without luggage, and to all of which an innocent purchaser, for value, gets an absolutely clear title.—Saturday Evening Post.

Deceptive.

The Pastor's Wife—What peculiar eyes young Ashley has. They always seem half closed. The Pastor—Yes, he has me guessing. I'm inclined to think he sleeps all through my sermons, but I can't catch him at it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mules and War.

Along all the frontiers of the world wherever there is a war there is a demand for the mule. Compared with him the much vaunted war horse is a vanishing element of the past. His strength, his sureness of foot, his wariness of eye, his ability to endure hardship and hard work on little food and with little care, have made him invaluable as a campaigner, whether in deserts or mountains. The mule has seen the camel and the elephant disappear from armies. He may see the horse vanish. He has seen the motorcycle and the motorcar come in. He may see the aeroplanes numbered by thousands. But it is not likely he will ever see himself superseded in his own line of work. There may be mules without war, but probably never a war without mules.—New York World.

ECCENTRIC CHESTERTON.

He Doesn't Mind How He Dresses, and His Wife Is His Guardian.

There is one English author at least who admits quite frankly that he is practically dependent on his wife, and that is big G. K. Chesterton. Like most geniuses—and G. K. C. is generally admitted to be one—Chesterton is too much absorbed in the details of his creative work to bother much with mere business and social ones, and how many of his commissions would be executed and how many of his appointments kept if it were not for Mrs. C. goodness only knows. She acts as his "business conscience" and goes with him on almost every journey.

It is on record, however, that once when Chesterton had a journey to make visitors arrived, and Mrs. Chesterton, being called upon to play the part of hostess, was unable to accompany her husband. However, she started him off with the words, "Now, Gilbert, you know where you are to lecture and what your subject is," and Chesterton went to the railway station. Arriving there, he banged down a sovereign at the booking office and said, "A ticket."

"Where for?" asked the astonished clerk.

"Free Trade hall," replied Chesterton.

"Oh, Glasgow, then!" said the clerk, and Gilbert, assenting, received a ticket for that station.

Stepping into the street at Glasgow, he was hailed by a friend: "Hullo, Chesterton! What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm lecturing at the Free Trade hall."

"Oh, no; you're not," said the friend.

"Oh, yes; I am," protested Chesterton. "I booked the engagement some months ago."

"But you cannot be," maintained the friend, "for the place is being renovated and the painters are in."

It slowly dawned upon Chesterton that he was at the wrong place, and he, further to justify his claim to greatness, sent a telegram to his wife: "Am here. Where ought I to be?"

Even Mrs. Chesterton, however, apparently cannot always compass the feat of having her rotund husband costumed according to Hoyle. I remember quite vividly a soiree which I once attended at the Chestertons' flat in Overstrand Mansions, Battersea, and even more vividly how G. K. C. was dressed. Part of his costume consisted of trousers and waistcoat of a brown mixture and a dark red tie, and with these he wore—it is almost incredible, yet true—a dinner coat! He was in great form that evening and kept us all well edified and entertained. I don't suppose he had the faintest idea what he had on!—Hayden Church in Philadelphia Ledger.

An Embarrassing Moment.

There are moments when a man would sooner be anywhere than where he is.

Take the case of the young man who was talking with an heiress who can write checks with five figures.

"Which do you consider the most conducive to happiness, Mr. Gigglesworth, money or beauty?" she asked.

What could he say?

The heiress is as plain as the law permits heiresses to be.

If the young man said "beauty" the lady would be offended. If he said "money" she might consider it a proposal.

Then he rallied.

"Having neither," he said, "I'd rather not be quoted."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Saw the Joke.

A hearty laugh had gone almost around over the story of the fisherman who, to locate the place on the lake where he had good luck, cut a nick in the side of his boat. "Almost around," for the Englishman sat solemn and silent. About five minutes later, however, he awoke with a roar of laughter, and when asked the trouble, replied: "Well, wouldn't it be a corking good joke if that fisherman got a different boat the next time he went out!"

Korean Justice.

The Korean judge dispenses justice in the open, and by etiquette only the judge can sit. Every one else must stand, excepting the prisoner and his friends, who are forced to remain in a humble kneeling position with bowed heads. Until quite recently these trials were always very one sided and shockingly unjust, states the Wide World Magazine. When a man was brought to a judge it was taken for granted he was guilty, and if he did not confess he was tortured and made to do so. Witnesses, too, were openly bribed. In fact, giving evidence for or against an accused person meant a living to a portion of the community, and these witnesses naturally favored those who paid best. Punishments varied. If the prisons were too full and the condemned could not pay a fine they were often given a chance to escape or disappeared by some means. Though these things are of the past, Korean judges, like those of China, possess a poor idea of the sense of justice.

A Troublesome Mirror.

"Mamma," said Flossie, "this old looking glass isn't any good."

"Why, what's the matter with it, dear?" asked her mother.

"Every time I try to look in it," explained Flossie, "my face gets in the way."

Grass Baskets.

To restore the fragrance of baskets made from sweet scented grass, after they have apparently lost it, plunge them into boiling water, removing them almost instantly.

Disobedience.

"He kissed me and I told him not to tell of it."

"And what did he do?"

"Why, it wasn't two minutes before he repeated it."

Wherever we meet misery we owe pity.—Dryden.

Old Time Punishments.

Among the weird and horrible punishments inflicted in Quebec under both the French and English regimes were the burning of women at the stake for petty treason, burning of the hand, branding on the forehead and breaking on the wheel. No record is found in Canada, however, of such punishments as the "drunkard's cloak," a barrel with apertures for the head and hands, and the bridle and ducking stool for common scolds. In old houses in Britain there are still to be seen hooks by the fireplace to which a scolding wife was fastened after being bridled, the jailer performing this service at the request of the exasperated husband.

In France an instrument known as the carcan was used as a punishment for disregarding parental authority or nonattendance at church, and one was formerly attached to a post at the door of the Basilica at Quebec. The pillory was used in England for at least 700 years, and in 1709 a prisoner stood in the pillory at Montreal for three days. In 1765 two men and a woman were whipped through the streets of Montreal, thirty-nine lashes being given each.—Pearson's.

A "Mite."

The difficulties experienced by our forefathers in trying to reckon money in very small proportions appear in the various values given to a "mite" in the sixteenth and seventeenth century books of commercial arithmetic. The original "mite" seems to have been a third of a Flemish penny, but the use of the word for the widow's coin of the New Testament made its regular English meaning half a farthing, and some old people may remember applying the name to the short lived nineteenth century coins of that value. In those old arithmetic books "mite" stands for various values not represented by actual coins but obviously used in reckoning. A work of 1700 makes it one-twelfth of a penny, two sixteenth century books one-sixth of a farthing, and in 1674 Jeake's arithmetic made it as little as one sixty-fourth of a penny.—London Chronicle.

A New Species.

Charles R. Knight, the artist, whose reproductions of dinosaurs and creatures of long ago are known the world over, prefers, however, to be known as a painter and sculptor of modern animals. He has worked from the living model as much as possible, and this has taken him to the zoos in many cities. He was telling his experiences at the zoo in Washington.

"One afternoon an important looking negro came along with his best girl," he said. "They stopped for a minute and looked at the sketch I was making of a deer.

"'Yer know what he am doin', don't yer?' asked the negro of his companion.

"'Mebbe,' answered the woman. 'Does yuh?'

"'Shoh! He's making a landscape ob one er dem habitats. Dere's moh habitats in dis zoo than anywhere else, in der United States.'"—New York Tribune.

The "Macaroni."

The "macaroni" were exquisites or fops who in England and France led the fashions from 1760 to 1785 and were distinguished by an immense knot of artificial hair worn on the top of their heads. A small cocked hat which perched ridiculously on their topknot, satin or brocade coats and small clothes fitting tightly to the body and silk stockings with ribbon garters composed the costume of these fashionable gentlemen, who invariably carried a long walking stick with tassels attached and frequently a bouquet tied to the handle and encouraged a mincing and affected gait and manner. There was during the war for independence a body of Maryland soldiers who on account of their showy uniforms were called "macaroni."

Gibraltar's Searchlight Battery.

For ships to pass around Gibraltar, England's and the world's greatest fortress, without being observed even at night is a practical impossibility, owing to the great battery of searchlights arranged along the bottom of the rock. A ship running either in or out runs into one of the fixed beams of light and is revealed. A moving beam of light then follows her until the lookout officers are satisfied as to her intentions.

Located.

The Chaperon—Young man, you have your arm around that young lady's waist. The Young Man—Thanks. I've been trying to find the spot all evening, but with these new gowns a fellow hardly knows where he's at.—New York Globe.

Worsted.

It is stated that worsted was first spun at Worstead, Norfolk, England, in the year 1340. Stockings made of this material were at first very cheap and used by the poorer people. Shakespeare uses the word contemptuously in the phrase, "Worsted stocking knave."—London Telegraph.

Delighting the Eye and the Ear.

"That pianist has remarkable hair."

"Yes," replied the theatrical manager. "He is one of the most compact propositions I know of. Not only does he provide his own music, but he carries his own scenery."—Washington Star.

An Easy One.

Somebody writes in and asks us a conundrum as follows: Why is a steel cellar door like a glutton's dinner? Because it is bolted down, of course.—Chicago Post.

Paraguay's Giant Wasp.

Paraguay is the home of a giant wasp so terrible that most native forest hunters fear it more than they do snakes, centipedes or spiders.

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Paid With Interest.

In Burnaby's "Travels in America in 1760" the following incident is related:

The captain of a British man-of-war cruising off the Massachusetts coast left his wife in Boston. On one of his visits to port she came down to the wharf to meet him, and she was publicly kissed by her loving spouse. This violation of the law was at once reported, and the captain was brought before the magistrate and sentenced to be publicly whipped. There was no getting out of it, and the captain submitted quite gracefully.

Just before the departure of his ship he gave an elaborate entertainment, to which all of the magistrates were invited. After the festivities were over and every one had shaken hands with the captain and was going over the side the magistrates were seized by the arm and stripped to the waist. Each one was led to the gangway, where a vigorous boatswain gave him thirty-nine lashes on the bare back and then bustled him over into a boat amid the cheers of the whole ship's company.

"Curing" Diseases.

"What is a cure?" asks the editor of the London Lancet in reproving doctors for the loose way in which they use the word. "Nothing ever gets completely well" is an aphorism of a great medical philosopher.

Only when the cause of a diseased condition has been removed, its effects neutralized and the organism protected against its activities in the future have we the right to speak of the "cure" of the patient, in the editor's opinion. Immunity conferred by such a cure, he says, may be only temporary. "Where a disease process is only limited or shut off and its further spread prevented, while the causal agent remains, we should speak of arrest, but not of cure. Where grave organic damage has occurred and function has been restored by vicarious activities we should speak of the result as one of repair or compensation."

Describing Love.

In "The Desert and Mrs. Ajax," by Edward S. Moffat, one of the characters, an American girl, thus describes love:

"Oh, Am (she says), isn't it splendid when you love some one? You just want to sacrifice—and give up—and work—and be devoured by fire or drowned in ice water if it will do any good. Sometimes it makes you feel, oh, so strong! And then, almost right away, your knees get wabbly, and you just turn into a cobblestone inside. And one minute he's looking at you in the most wonderful way, and you feel as if you were floating on a lovely pink cloud, eating ice cream smothered in violets, and the next thing you know something terrible happens, and everything goes to pieces, and you see that he doesn't love you after all—and, oh-h-h!"

The Furies.

Greek mythology created some female deities who were supposed to inhabit the lower regions and visit the earth to avenge supposed wrongs and punish their enemies. Black sheep were sacrificed to them at night by the light of torches, and they were represented as horrid looking creatures, wearing long, black robes, with snaky locks, bloodshot eyes and clawlike nails. Sometimes they had snakes or torches in their hair and carried scourges or sickles in their hands. The Greeks called these imaginary creatures Erinyes, and the Romans, adopting the same idea, called them furies. Vergil represents them as willing agents employed by the higher gods to stir up mischief, strife and hatred on the earth.—Philadelphia Press.

The Novelist Rebuked.

The late George Alfred Townsend (Gath) was lunching in New York one day when a novelist of the realist-pessimist school began to growl about marriage.

Gulping his drink and bolting his boiled beef and cabbage, the novelist in a long harangue proved conclusively that marriage was a failure.

When he had finished Gath gazed at him mildly and said:

"I tell you what it is, Ed—when a man thinks marriage is a failure it's pretty blamed certain that his wife thinks so too."

Peerages Lacking In Permanence.

Peerages have little of the permanence of pyramids. Forty years ago a careful calculation was made which showed that of 217 peerages created during the preceding forty-five years only 133 remained upon the rolls. Of the Plantagenet peerages only fourteen survived, of the Tudor eleven and of the Stuart forty-six. During the reign of George III. more than 400 titles were created, of which in 1875 270 had disappeared.—London Standard.

The Other Way.

"I heard that Ranter broke down in the middle of his speech the other night," said the man who was kept at home by illness.

"Not exactly," replied the man who was there. "The meeting broke up right in the middle of his speech."

Very Likely.

Mr. Green—Do you know how I felt during the wedding ceremony today? Miss Sharp—No. How was it? Mr. Green—Well, I felt most profoundly thankful that I was not the bridegroom. Miss Sharp—Very likely the bride felt like that too.

Curtain Calls.

"I know a man who had a hundred curtain calls in a week."

"I suppose he was a matinee idol."

"No; he was a house furnisher."—Baltimore American.

The Mean Thing.

"Why are you mad at her?"

"I met her on the car today, and she said, 'Oh, let me pay your fare!' and I said, 'Oh, you mustn't,' and she didn't."—Houston Post.

Never have an idle hour or an idle pound.—Old Saying.

Who Laughs Last.

It was in old Pohick Church down in Fairfax county, Virginia, that a Washington used to worship, and the ancient town of Alexandria stood much as it stands now on the south bank of the Potomac before the city of Washington had begun to be on the north bank. Pohick also still exists, as the following story proves:

"Washington folks laughs at the Alexandry slow-pokes," mused the Potomac river flat-boatman, "and the Alexandry feller laughs at the Fairfax hay-seeds, and the Fairfax guys, they laughs at the one-gallused yaps down in Pohick."

"And Pohick?" queried a curious stranger.

"Oh, none of 'em ain't got nuthin' on them Pohick natives," returned the ancient mariner confidently. "Them hill-billies laughs at the po' devils in Washington what has ter wear their sto' clo'es an a clean shirt every single week-day an' has ter come plu' down ter Pohick for their coon huntin'. They laughs at 'em, but mostly they pities 'em!"—New York Post Magazine.

Bound to be Rich.

Proud Father—Never, child, never! The idea of the daughter of a rich banker throwing herself away on a poor man! You must marry wealth or not at all!

Pleading Daughter—But, pa, Alphonse is not poor.

"Not poor? How can he be otherwise? Break off the engagement without delay!"

"But he is wealthy—very wealthy, pa."

"How can a hotel proprietor be wealthy after such a season as this? I'll warrant he hasn't got five pounds to his name."

"But, pa, he is not a hotel proprietor."

"Nonsense. He himself admits it. Here is his card: Alphonse de Blank, Whitecap Hotel.'"

"I know, but he is not the proprietor."

"What is he then?"

"The head waiter."

"Oh, that is different. Bless you, my child."

Optimism.

The championship diamond belt for optimism is awarded to a resident of one of the rural districts of Scotland. As the story goes an old man was sitting on the roof of his house during a flood, watching the waters flow past, when a neighbor, who possessed a boat, rowed across to him.

"Hello, Bill," he said.

"Hello, Sam," replied the other.

"All your fowls washed away this mornin', Bill?"

"Yes; but the ducks can swim."

"Apple trees gone, too, eh?"

"Well, they said the crops would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the river's reached above your windows."

"That's all right, Sam! Them winders needed washin'!"

She Was Wise.

A student took a lively young woman to the theatre the other night. He busted himself buying the tickets and he didn't enjoy the show much, because he kept thinking that maybe she would expect him to take her into the drug store and buy her something before they took the car for home.

So soon as the performance was over he said:

"Have you been reading all these dreadful exposures of drug store beverages in the Home Muckraker? It's awfully interesting. Dr. Wiley tells of how a young woman went to a soda fountain, drank a popular drink and dropped dead."

"How tragic!" murmured the girl, with shining eyes. "Let's you and I go in and take a drink and die together! Won't that be romantic?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Couldn't Understand.

"Our country place will have to be painted," said Mrs. Cumrox.

"Yes," replied her husband.

"And the grass will have to be mowed, and the barn needs a lot of fixing up."

"Yes."

"And the plumbing is out of repair and the roof leaks. There are so many things to be done that I think you ought to be on hand to oversee the work."

"All right."

"I hope you are not annoyed."

"Not annoyed; only puzzled, I can't understand how I let you persuade me to name that place 'Idle-Ease.'"—Washington Star.

Useless Admonition.

Walking from Hope to Hayfield by a path over the moors, writes a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, I found the hills covered with snow.

A freezing east wind made things anything but pleasant. At one point I had to admit that I had lost my way, and it was with relief that I found a sign post. The inscription was blotted out with frozen snow.

I climbed the post and with great difficulty and personal discomfort thawed the snow off with my already half-frozen hand, and succeeded in deciphering the inscription. It said: 'Keep to the path.'

Customary.

A group of Boston physicians gathered together for Harvard commencement week festivities were swapping stories.

"An unfortunate man," said one, "was seized suddenly on the street with cramps. He was hurried, despite his protests, to a hospital. The physicians there looked him over, poked him and said:

"'We may as well remove your appendix.'

"'It is necessary?' asked the trembling victim.

"'It's not necessary!' said one physician, 'but it is customary.'"—Boston Record.

"That booby made a bluff at kissing me last night and then quit."

"But he says you scratched his face, blacked his eye and stabbed him with a hatpin."

"Well, a girl has to put up a little maidenly resistance."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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The Optimist.

There was once a man who smiled
Because the day was bright,
Because he slept at night,
Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child;
Because his little one
Could leap and laugh and run,
Because the distant sun
Smiled on the earth he smiled.

He smiled because the sky
Was high above his head,
Because the rose was red,
Because the past was dead,
He never wondered why
The Lord had blundered so
That all things have to go
The wrong way here below
The overarching sky.

He toiled and still was glad
Because the air was free,
Because he loved, and she
That claimed his love and he
Shared all the joys they had,
Because the grasses grew,
Because the sweet winds blew,
Because that he could hew
And hammer, he was glad.

Because he lived he smiled
And did not look ahead
With bitterness or dread,
But nightly sought his bed
As calmly as a child,
And people called him mad
For being always glad
With such things as he had
And shook their heads and smiled.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Another Answer.

The captain of a certain large sailing vessel is probably the most polite officer in the whole mercantile service. He has, however, a great idea of his importance, and loses no opportunity of impressing it upon his crew. In particular, he insists upon being addressed as "Sir" by every one on board. One day a new hand joined the ship, and a short time after leaving harbor, being a seasoned old salt, he was intrusted with the wheel. The captain came up and put the usual question:

"How's her head?"

"Nor-by-east," answered the old tar, very gruffly.

"My Man," suavely answered the captain, "on this craft when one of the crew speaks to me he gives me a title of respect. Don't you think you might do so, too? Now, how's her head?"

"Nor-by-east, I tell yer," shouted the tar, displaying not a little irritation.

"I'm afraid you don't quite understand me," responded the captain, good-humoredly. "Let me relieve you at the wheel, and then you take my place and ask me the question. I will then show you how it should be answered."

They accordingly changed places.

"Ow's her 'ead?" roared the tar.

"Nor-by-east, sir," replied the captain, with gentle emphasis on the "sir."

"Then keep her so my man, while I goes forward and has a smoke," was startling rejoinder from the old reprobate, who calmly commenced to suit the action to the word.—Tit Bits.

Mr. Kennedy's Story.

Merely another demonstration of how easy it is for some people to explain a difficult situation is this little story which was told at a Washington dinner by Congressman Ambrose Kennedy of Rhode Island.

Some time ago Cousin Hiram drove in from the cabbage zone and stopped his team before a prosperous looking house. Taking handful of potatoes from the wagon he climbed the green steps and rang the doorbell.

"Got some mighty fine partaters here, madame," said he to the woman who answered his ring. "Would ye like ter have a basket or two like these here?"

"You are just the party I have been looking for," excitedly cried the housewife on recognizing Hiram. "I want you to explain to me why the potatoes that you sold me last week were so much smaller in the bottom of the basket than on the top."

"It's jest this way, lady," was the ready response of Hiram, "partaters is growin' so fast at this season o' the year that by the time I got a basket dug the last is most twice as big as the first!"

Carpenter Also Cautious.

A carpenter, sent to make some repairs in a private house, entered the apartment of the lady of the house with his apprentice and began to work.

"Mary," the lady said to her maid, "see that my jewel case is locked up at once!"

The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his vest in a significant manner and handed them to his apprentice.

"John," said he, "take these right back to the shop. It seems that this house isn't safe."—Harper's Magazine.

"What is the difference between a philosopher and an optimist?"

"Well, a philosopher takes things as they come, while an optimist, if they come with the dark side uppermost, turns them over."—Boston Transcript.

New proprietor of public house (that levies a fine for every swear word)—"Ere, Bill, that's a penny you owe the parson's swear box.

Bill—I'd better do what I done afore—put a 'alf crown in and 'ave a season ticket.—Punch.

A woman coming down the garden walk was horrified at seeing her son standing on his head against the garden wall.

"Johnnie, you wretch," she cried, "what are you doing now?"

"Standing on my head," replied Johnny, at something that wouldn't wear my shoes out!"

"I s'pose John is still takin' life easy?" said the woman in the train.

"Yes," answered the woman who was carrying a bundle of clothes. "John has only got two regrets in life. One is that he has to wake up and eat, an' the other is that he has to give up eatin' to sleep."—Pearson's Weekly.

"Do you like Miss Prattle?"

"Yes; she's so generous. Never keeps anything to herself, and is always ready to give away even her best friend."—Judge.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for over sixty years has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to

MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1914.

NOTES.

NORTON—Will of Jacob Norton.

At a Town Council Newport January 10th 1743.

In The Name of God Amen The Eighth Day of September In ye Sixteenth year of His Majesties Reign, George ye Second King of Great Brittain &c Annoque Domine One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty Two I Jacob Norton of Newport In ye County of Newport In ye Collony of Rhoad Island and Providence Plantations In New England yeoman Being Farr advanced In years and Indisposed In Body But of Perfect Mind and Memory Thanks Be Given unto God Therefore Calling unto mind The Mortality of my Body and knowing That It Is appointed for all Men Once to Die Do Make and Ordain This my Last Will and Testament That Is to Say Principally and first of all I Give and Recommend my Soul Into ye Hands of God That Gave It and my Body I Commit to ye Earth to Be Decently Buried In a Christianlike manner at ye Discretion of my Executors herein after named and as Touching Such Worldly Estate, wherewith It hath Pleased God to Bless me In this Life, I Give and Dispose of The Same In ye following manner and form,

Imprimis, I will That all my Just Debts and funerall Charges Be Well and Truly Paid In Some Convenient Time after My Decease.

Item, I Give and Devise unto my Son Jacob Norton, His Heirs and assigns for Ever one Half share of my Common Lands Scituate, Lying, and Being In ye Town of Edgerton, and one Whole Share of my Common Lands on ye Island called Chapaquiddock all In ye County of Dukes County and Province of The Massachusetts Bay, I also Give and Devise unto my Said Son Jacob Norton His Heirs and assigns for Ever ye One Half Part of My Island called Nomans Land.

Item, I Give and Devise unto my Grandson Peter Norton (Son of My Son Shuball Norton deceased) and to His Heirs and assigns for Ever ye One Quarter part of My Island called Noman Land.

Item, I Give and Devise unto my Daughter Mary Norton (Wife of Samuel Norton) and to Her Heirs and assigns for Ever one half Share of My Common Lands in Edgerton aforesaid.

Item, I give and Devise unto My Daughter Elizabeth Trott (Wife of Benjamin Tro— of Nantuckett) and to Her Heirs and assigns for Ever Three Ten acre Lotts upon The Plain In Edgerton aforesaid.

Item, I Give and Devise unto my Daughter Diana Allen (Wife of Jethro Allen) and to Her Heirs and assigns for Ever One small half share of my Common Lands In Edgorton aforesaid.

Item, I Give and Devise unto my Grand Daughter Sarah Norton (Daughter of My Son Shuball Norton Deceased) and to Her Heirs & assigns, for Ever one half Share of My Common Lands In Edgerton aforesaid.

Item, I Give and Devise unto my Grandson Daniel Norton (Son of my Son In Law Samuel Norton and to His Heirs and assigns for Ever my half Share of Common Land Lying In Tisbury In Dukes County aforesaid.

Item, I Give and Bequeath unto My Daughter Abigail Norton which I had by My Last Wife all my household Goods Whatsoever Item.

(To be continued.)

Queries.

7876. NIXON.—Ancestry wanted of Christopher and Mary (Sever) Nixon of Framingham. They were parents of Brigadier General John Nixon of Revolutionary fame.—H. C. C. K.

7877. BARNARD, JEWELL.—Ancestry with dates and information of Joseph Barnard and his wife, Mary Jewell, both of Amesbury or Salisbury. Their daughter Hannah, born Nov. 26, 1694, married William Quimby.—H. C. C. K.

7878. MARTIN, NORTH.—Ancestry wanted of George Martin and his wife, Susanna North. She was a victim of Salem whichcraft. They were probably of Salisbury.—H. C. C. K.

7879. SWEET.—Can anyone interested in the Sweets of South Kingston, R. I., tell me if the Sylvester Sweet who married Waite Brown of Portsmouth, R. I., was the father of Sylvester Sweet who married Patience Congdon?—B. F. S. T.

7880. LEWIS, LATHLY.—Who was John Lewis who married Elizabeth Mayo in Truro, Mass., March 15, 1716? Their son John married Margaret Lathly (Luthly), Dec. 19, 1751. Who was Margaret Lathly?—J. M. D.

7881. HOLMES, LINCOLN.—Wanted, the ancestry of Rachel Holmes, who married Thomas Lincoln in 1695.—E. L. B. N.

7882. WINANS, HALSEY.—Lewis Halsey, son of Lewis, married Sarah Halsey. Wanted, her ancestry.—E. C. S. F.

7883. ALLEN, VIALL.—Who were the ancestors of Samuel Allen and his wife, Mercy Viall, who were married in Barrington, R. I., March 6, 1742-2?—D. B. E. K.

7884. HUMPHREY.—Who were the ancestors of Josiah Humphrey and his wife, Hannah, whose son was born in Barrington, R. I., Oct. 13, 1717?—D. B. E. K.

7885. BROWN, HUMPHREY.—The above Josiah Humphrey, born in 1717, married, in Barrington, Nov. 4, 1737, Abijah Brown. She was evidently a woman and not a man, despite her Christain name. Who were her ancestors?—D. B. E. K.

7886. OLIVER.—Ephraim Oliver, on Jan. 14, 1744, married at Lynn, Mass., Abagail Farrington, born Feb. 28, 1725, daughter of John and Abigail Farrington of Lynn. Who were Ephraim Oliver's ancestors?—E. H. O.

7887. MARSH.—Will anyone who has a list of the children of Samuel Marsh and his wife, Comfort—, who came from Boston to Hartford in 1661, kindly give it in these columns, with references? Also Comfort's maiden name, if known?—A. B. P. B.

ANSWERS.

7865. JUNE—Sarah Jeune who md. Daniel Sherman was dau. of John (3), b. 1647; d. April 10, 1727, son of Samuel (2) Ann (Lettice) son of John (1) the emigrant and his wife Sarah (Carey) whom he md. in Loyden, Nov. 1, 1614,—and came to New England in Little James 1623 with 3 children, Samuel 3, Abigail, who md. May 1646, Thomas Pope. They also had b. in New England, John 2 Jr., and Susanna b. March 23, 1634. He is called Hon. John Jeune in Leonard Papers. Sarah (4) md. Daniel Sherman, April 18, 1693. Who was her mother, wife of John Junne (3). They had, besides Sarah, the eldest Mehitable b. 1673, md. Gifford. Elizabeth b. Feb. 5, 1676, md.— Babcock, Symuel b. Feb. 4, 1678, d. April 2, 1718, md.—Benson, John (4) b. April 16, 1684, md. Abigail Pope.—J. F. S.

A London cable says William Waldorf Astor has quarrelled with his eldest son, Waldorf, whom he will disinherit. This is cause for disposition of Mr. Astor's interest in The Observer and the Pall Mall Gazette.

There were 10,160 killed and over 190,000 injured on the railroads of United States in the year ended June 30. In previous year 10,964 were killed. Peace has its death list as well as War.

Cattle prices at Chicago reached a record point Monday when choice beeves sold for $10. This price is the highest ever paid there in July and is a top point for the year. Hogs touched $9, the highest level in months.

"Rube, how cold did you ever see it?" He said, "Well, sir, one time when I was living down in Pickard county, in hog killing time, we had a kettle of boiling water setting on the stove, and we took it out in the yard, and it froze so doggone quick the ice was hot."—National Monthly.

The August Century will be the annual Summer Fiction Number, with stories by Maria Thompson Daviess, George Weston, Zona Gale, Dana Gatlin, Gertrude B. Millard, Margaret Dodge, Hugh Johnson, Freeman Tilden, and Alice Hegan Rice—nine in all, and of wide variety.

"Under Silken Skies" is the title of a new short story by Maria Thompson Daviess which will come in the August (Summer Fiction Number) of The Century, a story of Miss Daviess' own country and people—the Bluegrass meadows.

Count Ilya Tolstoy's reminiscences of his great father will deal in the August Century with a number of very intimate and illuminating memories; with the will, the sad last years of Tolstoy's life, his flight and death, etc.

"Meet me at Barneys"

WE OFFER

Two Good Values

IN

USED PIANOS

Convenient terms of payment may be arranged, and full amount paid will be allowed if exchanged for a new piano later on.

BARNEY'S Music Store.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Richard Reynolds and Annie Reynolds, his wife, to Helena V. Horgan and Mary G. Maher, of the City and County of Newport in the State of Rhode Island, dated June 13th, A. D. 1911, and recorded in the Mortgages Land Evidence of said Newport, in Volume 19 at pages 350 and 351, breach of the condition of said mortgage having been made and still existing; said Mortgagees will sell at public auction on Spring street, in front of the land hereinafter described, on MONDAY, the 3d day of August, A. D. 1914, at 12 o'clock, noon, all the right, title and interest which the said Richard Reynolds and Annie Reynolds had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and did by said mortgage convey in and to that certain lot or parcel of land, together with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in the said City of Newport and bounded and described as follows, viz: Easterly, twenty-five (25) feet, by Spring street; Southerly, eighty and two-tenths (80.2) feet, by land of the heirs or devisees of William M. Austin, deceased; Westerly, twenty-six (26) feet, by other land of the said heirs or devisees of William M. Austin, deceased; and Northerly, seventy-eight and three-tenths (78.3) feet, by other land of said Helena V. Horgan and Mary G. Maher; said premises being all that was granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made a part here of.

And the said Mortgagees hereby give notice that they intend to bid for said property at said sale thereof.

HELENA V. HORGAN,
MARY G. MAHER,
Mortgagees.

Newport, R. I., July 10, 1914—7-11-4w

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 10th, 1914.

Estate of Mary H. Beattie.

MARY E. SULLIVAN and CHARLES J. BEATTIE, Administrators of the estate of Mary H. Beattie, late of said Newport, deceased, present their first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account shows distribution among the heirs-at-law; and the same is received and referred to the twenty-seventh day of July instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

7-11-3w

TOBACCO SALESMEN WANTED

Earn $100 monthly. Expenses. Experience unnecessary. Advertise and take orders from merchants for Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, Cigarettes, Cigars, etc. Send a 2c. stamp for full particulars.

REMET TOBACCO CO.,
New York, N. Y.

6-27-10w

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Richard Reynolds and Ann Reynolds, his wife, to the Industrial Trust company, dated June 8th, A. D. 1911, and recorded in the Mortgages Land Evidence of the City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island in Volume 19 at pages 270 and 271, breach of the condition of said mortgage having been made and still existing; the said Mortgagee will sell at public auction, on Thames Street, in front of the land hereinafter described, on MONDAY, the 27th day of July, A. D. 1914, at 12 o'clock noon, all the right, title and interest which the said Richard Reynolds and Ann Reynolds had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and did by said mortgage convey in or to that certain lot or parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport and bounded and described, as follows: Northerly on land now or formerly of P. H. Horgan, 71 feet and 10 inches; Easterly on land now or formerly of said P. H. Horgan, 31 feet and 10 inches; Southerly on land now or formerly of L. J. Fitzpatrick, 72 feet; and Westerly on Thames Street, 30 feet and 6 inches; be said measurements more or less or however otherwise bounded or described; said premises being all that was granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made a part hereof.

And the said Mortgagee hereby gives notice that it intends to bid for said property at said sale thereof.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY,
Newport, R. I., July 4, 1914—4w

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

To Robert T. Estes of Fall River in the County of Bristol and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and all other persons interested in the following described real estate:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by said Robert T. Estes to Joseph D. Estes and Abbie B. Estes, dated September 25th, 1911, and recorded in the The Town of Tiverton Land Records, Book No. 2, Page 441. And for breach of the conditions thereof and to foreclose said Mortgage will be sold at public auction on MONDAY, July 27th, A. D. 1914, at Three (3) o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises. A certain tract or parcel of land situate in the Town of Tiverton, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, together with the buildings and improvements thereon situate, on the west side of Stafford Road, bounded and described as follows: On the North by land set off to Benjamin F. Estes, said Northerly line being five rods south of the State line of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and parallel therewith; on the East by said Stafford Road; on the South by land set off to John H. Estes, said Southerly line being ten rods distance from said State line and parallel therewith, and on the West by Six Rod Way, containing two and 80-100 Acres more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to me by these grantees by deed of even date herewith, to be recorded herewith.

This conveyance is made subject to the conditions contained in said deed.

Also a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Tiverton and bounded and described as follows: On the North by the State Line; on the East by Stafford Road; on the South by a line parallel with and five rods distance from said State Line, and the West by a Proprietors Six Rod way, and containing two and 80-100 Acres more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to me by these grantees by deed of even date herewith, to be recorded herewith.

The Mortgagee hereby gives notice that she intends to bid at said sale.

Terms at sale.

ABBIE B. ESTES,
Surviving Mortgagee.

7-4-4w

No. 1565
REPORT

OF the condition of THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business June 30, 1914.

RESOURCES.		DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts		$571,841 75
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		2,140 21
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000 00
Bonds, securities, etc. (other than stocks)		167,485 00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		28,000 00
Other real estate owned		3,606 61
Due from National Banks (not reserve Agents		6,420 10
Due from approved reserve agents		31,721 41
Checks and other cash items		26,061 50
Exchanges for clearing house		9,655 19
Notes of other National Banks		11,410 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		280 21
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		
Specie	31,442 85	
Legal-tender notes	3,185 00	34,627 85
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)		5,000 00
Total		$751,800 88

LIABILITIES		DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in		$100,000 00
Surplus fund		65,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		28,527 02
National Bank notes outstanding		98,900 00
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	96,631 87	
Dividends unpaid	2,912 00	
Individual deposits subject to check	330,111 12	
Demand certificates of deposit	26,888 28	
Certified checks	258 82	456,578 86
Bills payable, including obligations for money borrowed		50,000 00
Total		$751,800 88

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.

I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1914.

PACKER BRAMAN,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Edward A. Brown, David Braman, William R. Harvey, Directors.

No. 1492
REPORT

OF the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business June 30, 1914.

RESOURCES.		DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts		$221,553 11
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		189 80
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		110,000 00
Bonds, securities, etc. (other than stocks)		66,275 00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		14,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		74,280 19
Exchanges for clearing house		3,616 23
Notes of other National banks		3,500 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		220 06
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		
Specie	22,683 10	
Legal-tender notes	450 00	23,133 10
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per ct. of circulation)		5,500 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer		2,000 00
Total		$557,247 45

LIABILITIES.		DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in		$120,000 00
Surplus fund		50,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		24,560 00
National Bank notes outstanding		107,550 00
Dividends unpaid	5,590 50	
Individual deposits subject to check	268,232 69	
Demand certificates of deposit	9,414 52	
Certified checks	81 35	
Cashiers' checks outstanding	1,509 83	255,137 39
Total		$557,247 45

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss:

I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1914.

PACKER BRAMAN
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Albert K. Sherman, Simon Hart, William Stevens, Directors.

Best Prices

PAID FOR

Old Engravings

Wiseman's Art Store,

112 Bellevue Avenue.

Any time o' Night

or any time o' day—a hot drink or a cool drink and out of the same bottle. It does seem as if we must all be carrying an Aladin's Lamp about with us these days.

VACUUM BOTTLES, VACUUM CARAFFES
VACUUM LUNCH CANS

Keep anything at any temperature almost any time. They are a convenience you can't begin to measure until you have used one. We have a fine line of sizes, and this is the time of year you can make great use of one or two.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R. I.

Quaint Cape Cod

Vacation life that you've longed for—a rare combination of joys of

Shore and Country

Perfect bathing, fresh and salt water fishing, motoring, golf and tennis.

A Grand Place for Children

For Illustrated Booklet
"Quaint Cape Cod" or "Buzzards Bay"
Address Advertising Department, New Haven, Conn.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

Extension Telephones Simplify Business.

Supposing you have but one telephone in your place of business.

When you are wanted on the telephone you have to be called by one of your office force.

Just think what a saving of time and effort, an extension telephone in your private office would be!

It would mean that your private calls would be shifted to your desk telephone and answered promptly.

How business would be simplified if you were linked up with the various department heads by extension telephones:

Call up the Contract Department and get facts and figures.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Staiton.

Providence Telephone Co.

Telephone 6000 Newport 142 Spring Street

The Savings Bank of Newport.

(Incorporated 1819.)

DEPOSITS, - - $9,271,466.59

SURPLUS & GUARANTY FUND, 1,015,670.72

WM. H. HAMMETT, Pres. WM. PAINE SHEFFIELD, Vice Pres.

DEPOSITS MADE ON OR BEFORE SATURDAY

JULY 18, 1914,

commence to draw interest from that date.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

PRINTED CALLING CARDS

CLOSELY RESEMBLE THE ENGRAVED SCRIPT, ROMAN, OLD ENGLISH

MERCURY PUB. CO.,
182 THAMES ST.

ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS

CORRECT STYLES EITHER FROM CUSTOMER'S PLATE OR FROM NEW PLATE

MERCURY PUB. CO.,
182 THAMES ST.

WEDDING INVITATIONS OR ANNOUNCEMENTS

WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH ENGRAVED WEDDINGS, IN ANY STYLE, AT REASONABLE PRICES, AND SHALL WELCOME AN OPPORTUNITY TO SUBMIT SAMPLES WITH PRICES.

MERCURY PUB. CO.,
182 THAMES ST.

Carr's List.

DODO'S DAUGHTER,
By E. F. Benson.

THE WOMEN WE MARRY,
Arthur S. Pier.

MODERN DANCING,
By Mr. and Mrs Vernon Castle.

—ALSO—

A NICE LINE OF EASTER CARDS.
DAILY NEWS BUIDING.

SHORT LINE
—TO—
PROVIDENCE
—VIA—
Newport & Providence Railway

Ferry Boat Bristol now in commission between Bristol Ferry and Bristol.

This opens the short route for automobilists between Newport and Providence.

S. W. TOWLE,
Superintendent

6-27-4w

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 3d, 1914.

Estate of Mary A. Olsen.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Mary A. Olsen, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the 20th day of July instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

7-4-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, July 4th, 1914.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of MARY SHEA, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

STEPHEN A. SHEA.

7-4-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., June 20, 1914.

THE UNDERSIGNED Executrix of the last Will and Testament of LODOSCA O. DODGE, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

NETTIE MAY DODGE,
Executrix.

6-27-3w

Large Returns

Have been received in past years from USING OUR

ONION SEED

AND OUR

Macomber Turnip

As well as other seeds.

Be sure to get the Genuine

At the Store of

H. L. Marsh & Co.

162 Broadway Newport.

Formerly Occupied By F. Barker.

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.